

NAZIS AND JAPS!! RUN YOU RATS . . . . *from*

# *The* HANGMAN

NO. 5

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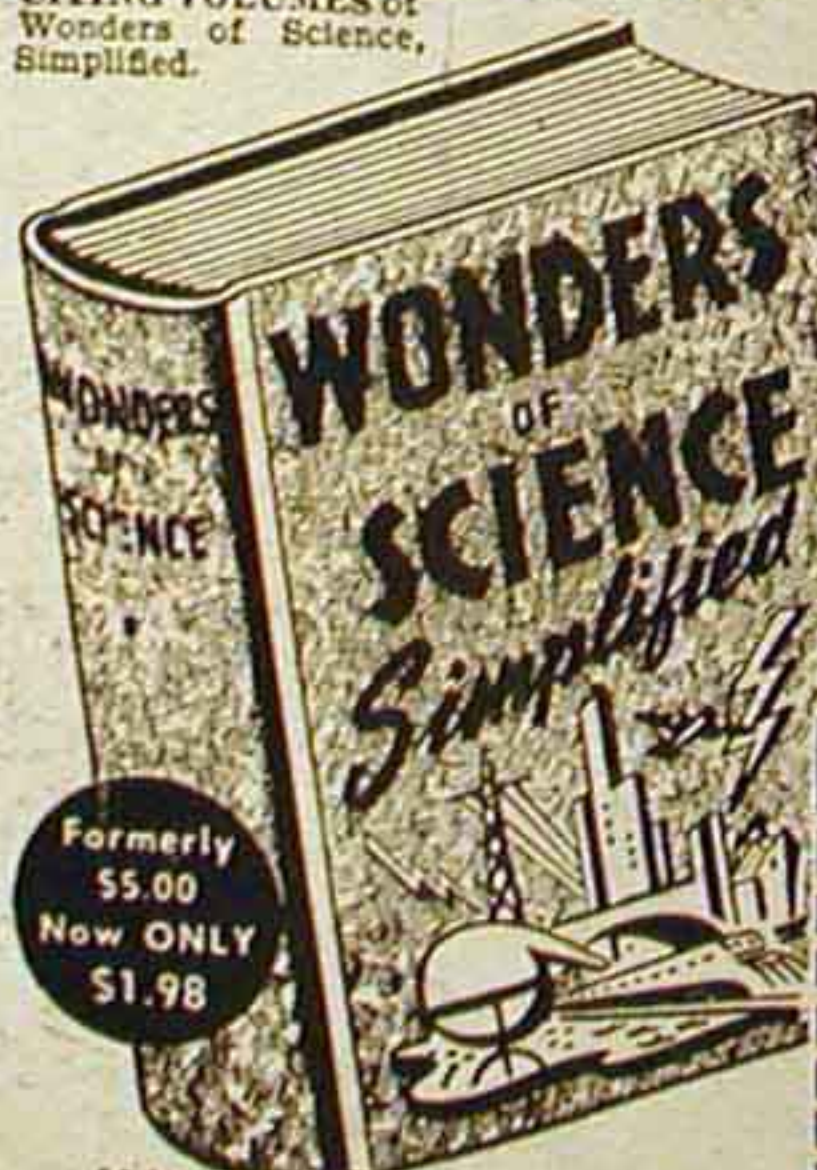
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# THE HANGMAN



## THE HANGMAN AND THE PROPHET!

AS THOUGH FROM THE PAGES  
OF THE BIBLE STEPPED THE FAN-  
TASTIC FIGURE OF *THE PROPHET*  
PREACHING THE GOSPEL TO A  
JEERING PEOPLE! WHAT WAS THE  
STRANGE SECRET OF THIS CREA-  
TURE OF THE PAST? THE SECRET  
THAT WAS TO LEAD THE HANG-  
MAN INTO THE BIZARRE ADVEN-  
TURE OF  
*THE VOICE OF DOOM!*



IT IS THE EVENING OF DEC 7, 1941!

GATHER AROUND ME, MY PEOPLE! HARKEN TO THE WARNING OF THE PROPHET BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



BEWARE! I WARN THEE, BEWARE! YOU ARE LIVING IN A WORLD OF FLAME AND BRWISTONE! AT ANY MOMENT, THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING WILL CRASH FROM THE SKY! YOUR ENEMIES ARE READY TO STRIKE!

STRANGE OLD FELLOW ISN'T HE, THELMA? I WONDER IF----



SHUT UP, YOU WARMONGER!

KEEP TALKIN', PROPHET, YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA!

IF YOU WERENT BLIND YOU'D REALIZE THIS COUNTRY IS UNPREPARED! ASLEEP!

OH YEAH?

I'LL PUT YOU TO SLEEP, WISE GUY! YOU'RE BOTH TRYIN' TO STIK' UP TROUBLE! YOU AND THAT PHONY PROPHET!



SOCK 'M, TM! THE GUY'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST!

SO IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT, EH?

LEMME AT 'M!

AND AMONGST THE CROWD, BOB DICKERING AND THELMA GORDON----

COME ON, THEL, WE'D BETTER GET THE POLICE BEFORE THIS DEVELOPS INTO A FIRST CLASS RIOT!







ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS. BREAK IT UP! WHO STARTED THIS FIGHT ANYHOW?



IT'S THAT PHONY **PROPHET** AGAIN! C'MON YOU! YOU'VE BEEN SHOOTIN' YER MOUTH OFF ON MY BEAT FOR THE LAST TIME! THIS TIME I'M RUNNIN' YOU IN!



---AND I DONT KNOW WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE CAME FROM, CHIEF--



BUT EVERY NIGHT FOR A WEEK HE'S BEEN SHOUTIN' SOMETHING ABOUT DEATH FROM THE SKIES! EVEN SAID IT WOULD HAPPEN **TONIGHT!**



JUST THEN--- FLASH---OUR NAVAL BASE AT PEARL HARBOR HAS JUST BEEN BOMBED BY THE JAPANESE!



THAT MAN'S A SPY!  
YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT THAT BOMBING BEFORE IT HAPPENED!  
THE FBI WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!



HELLO, F.B.I.? THIS IS SERGEANT KELLY! WE'VE GOT A SPY DOWN HERE! SEND OVER A COUPLE OF MEN **RIGHT AWAY!**



THE F.B.I. MEN ARRIVE---  
SOUNDS SCREWY TO ME--- A SPY CALLING HIMSELF **THE PROPHET!**  
YEAH, YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT THOSE JAPS WILL DO NEXT!





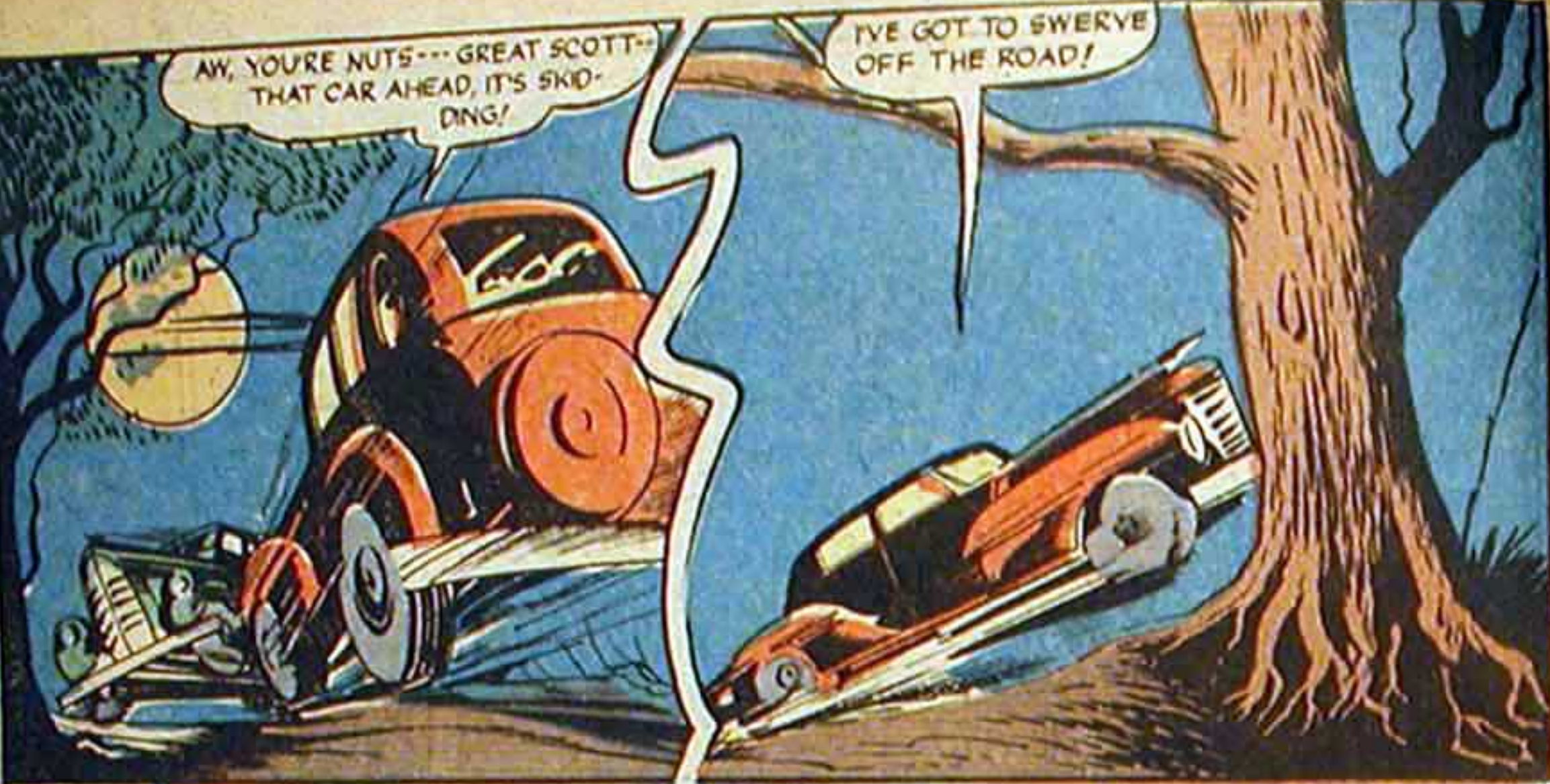






AW, YOU'RE NUTS--- GREAT SCOTT---  
THAT CAR AHEAD, IT'S SKID-  
DING!

I'VE GOT TO SWERVE  
OFF THE ROAD!



THANKS FOR WARNING ME,  
PROPHET! I GUESS YOU'RE  
THE REAL MCCOY AFTER  
ALL! HOP IN, I'LL TAKE YOU  
OVER TO MY PLACE!

BOYS MEET MY PAL, *THE PROPHET*.  
HE REALLY KNOWS WHAT'S  
GOING TO HAPPEN!

GEE, DIXIE MUST BE GETTIN'  
SOFT-- FALLIN' FOR  
THAT GUY'S LINE!

YEAH!



HOLY SMOKE! I JUST  
REMEMBERED! THE  
OLD BOY PROPHESIED  
THE CITY LIGHTS  
WOULD GO OUT  
TOMORROW NIGHT!  
HMM--- I WONDER---

EX--EXCUSE US, PRO-  
PHET, I'D LIKE TO HAVE  
A---AHM--- PRIVATE  
TALK WITH MY  
PALS!

NEXT NIGHT AT ARMY HEAD-  
QUARTERS---  
IS EVERYTHING  
IN READINESS  
FOR THIS CITY'S  
*SURPRISE  
BLACKOUT!*

YES,  
SIR--

AND IN THE APARTMENT OF  
BOB DICKERING---

*WHEEEEEEEEEEE*

BOB! WHAT'S  
THAT!

SOUNDS LIKE  
A SIREN!





GREAT SCOT! IT'S A SURPRISE BLACK-  
OUT, THELMA --- AND I'M AN AIR-RAID  
WARDEN! C'MON, I'VE GOT TO BE ON  
THE JOB! I SEE ALL THE LIGHTS ARE  
OUT IN THIS AREA!



WHY THAT'S STRANGE!  
THERE'S A LIGHT IN  
THE BANK!



ID BETTER GO IN AND NOTIFY THE  
NIGHT WATCHMAN OF THE BLACKOUT!  
GUESS HE DIDN'T HEAR THE SIREN!  
YOU WAIT HERE, THEL!



WHILE INSIDE THE BANK, AS THE NIGHT WATCHMAN MAKES HIS  
ROUNDS ---

LET HIM HAVE,  
IT, DUTCH!

HE'S GOT  
IT! AND  
**HOW!**



BOY, DIXIE'S HUNCH ABOUT THAT **PROPHET**  
WAS OKAY, DIS BLACKOUT IS MADE TO ORDER!

SHUT UP AND  
GET THAT  
SAFE OPEN!



JUST THEN, THE TERRIFY-  
ING SYMBOL OF DOOM FOR  
ALL CRIMINALS APPEARS--  
THE SHADOW OF THE  
**HANGMAN'S NOOSE!**



OPENING NIGHT,  
EH, BOYS?

I'M AFRAID YOU LUGS  
NEED MORE  
REHEARSING!







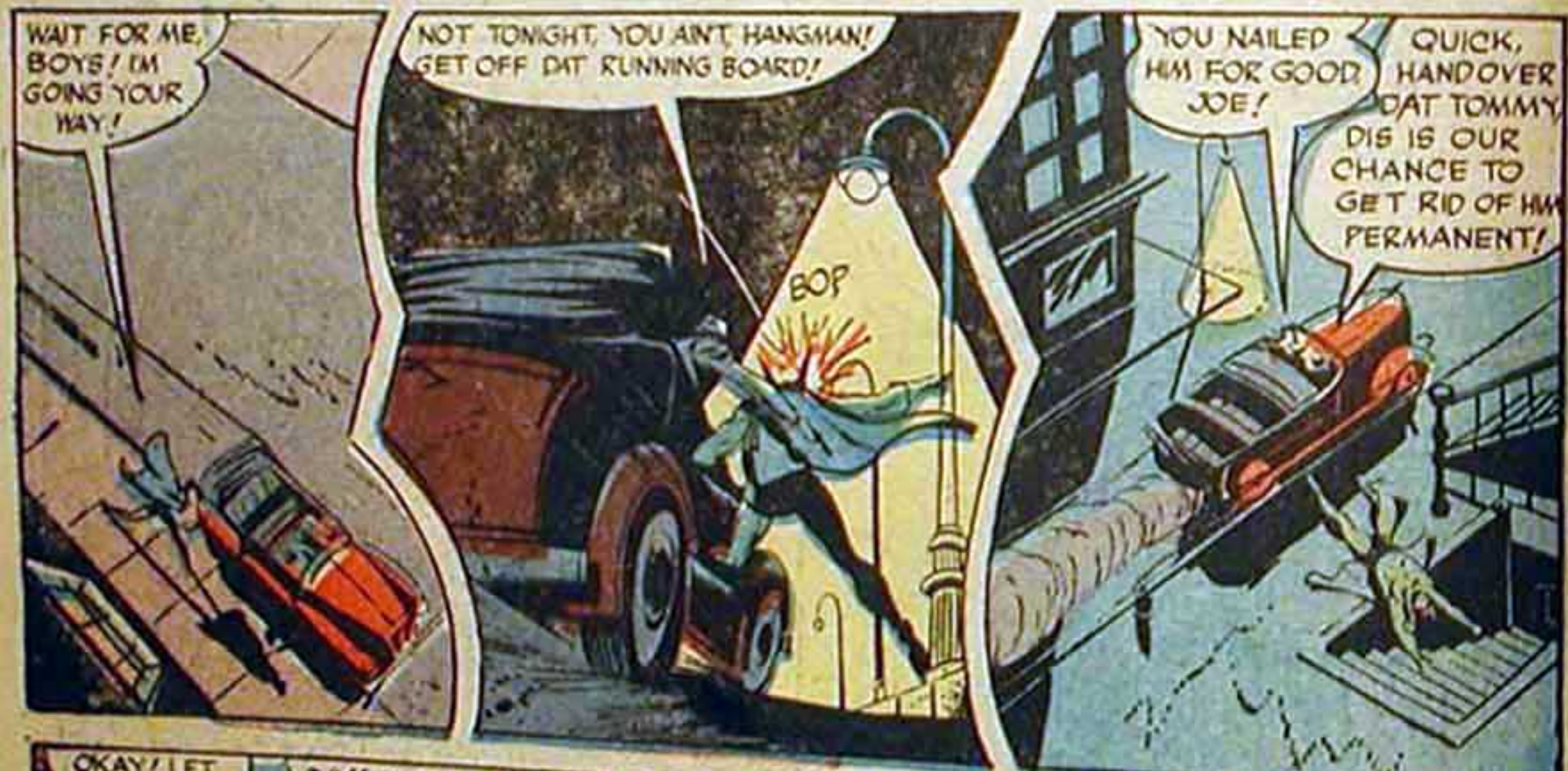
THE JIG'S UP! WHEREVER THAT HANGMAN IS-THAT'S WHERE I DON'T WANNA BE!

YEEOW!... GANGWAY- GIMME ROOM!

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

GET THAT MOTOR RUNNING! WE GOT A CHANCE FOR A GET-AWAY WHILE THE HANGMAN'S BUSY LOOKIN' AT THE WATCHMAN!

STOP GABBIN AND HOP IN!



WAIT FOR ME, BOYS! I'M GOING YOUR WAY!

NOT TONIGHT, YOU AINT HANGMAN! GET OFF DAT RUNNING BOARD!

YOU NAILED HIM FOR GOOD, JOE!

QUICK, HANDOVER DAT TOMMY, DIS IS OUR CHANCE TO GET RID OF HIM PERMANENT!



OKAY! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

SPILL! HE'S GOT MORE LIVES THAN A CAT! DEKE HE GOES ROLLIN' INTO DAT STAIR-WELL!

HANGMAN! I SAW THE WHOLE THING! WHAT HAPPENED?

BANK ROB-BERS, THE!

WHAT I CANT FIGURE OUT IS HOW THEY PICKED JUST THE NIGHT OF A SURPRISE BLACK-OUT-ALMOST AS IF THEY KNEW ABOUT IT IN ADVANCE!





THEY LOOKED LIKE SOME OF RAND'S GANG--  
SAY!-- RAND---BLACKOUT-- THAT PROPHET--  
OF COURSE! I SEE IT ALL NOW! LISTEN,  
THELMA, CALL THE POLICE AND GET THEM  
OVER TO RAND'S PLACE AS FAST AS YOU  
CAN! HURRY, WE  
HAVEN'T A MINUTE  
TO SPARE!



MEANWHILE AT RAND'S APARTMENT---

YOU SEE, BOYS, THE PROPHET WAS RIGHT ABOUT  
THAT BLACKOUT! IF THE HANGMAN HADN'T SHOWN  
UP, WE WOULD HAVE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!



BUT, UNSEEN, THE PROPHET HAS  
ENTERED---

SO! YOU HAVE  
TURNED MY PROPHECY TO  
YOUR EVIL PURPOSES!



HOW DID  
HE GET  
IN HERE?

HE HEARD ABOUT THAT  
BANK JOB! I'LL HAVE TO  
DO SOME FAST TALKIN'!



WHY, PROPHET! HOW COULD YOU  
THINK SUCH A THING! WE'RE HONEST  
BUSINESSMEN! HOW ABOUT A NICE  
LITTLE PREDICTION FOR TOMOR-  
ROW NIGHT, EH?



WELL, C'MON, OPEN UP!  
I'M GOING TO GET A  
PROPHECY IF I HAVE  
TO SLAP IT OUT OF  
YOU!

VERY WELL THEN, IF YOU  
INSIST! I PREDICT  
THAT YOU SHALL DIE  
IN THE HANGMAN'S  
NOOSE!



WHY, YOU DIRTY--- SO I'M GOING TO  
DIE, AM I? WELL HERE'S MY PREDICTION,  
YOU'RE CROAKIN' RIGHT NOW!





SUDDENLY, RAND STOPS AGHAST AS HE SEES THE DREAD SIGN OF THE HANGMAN--

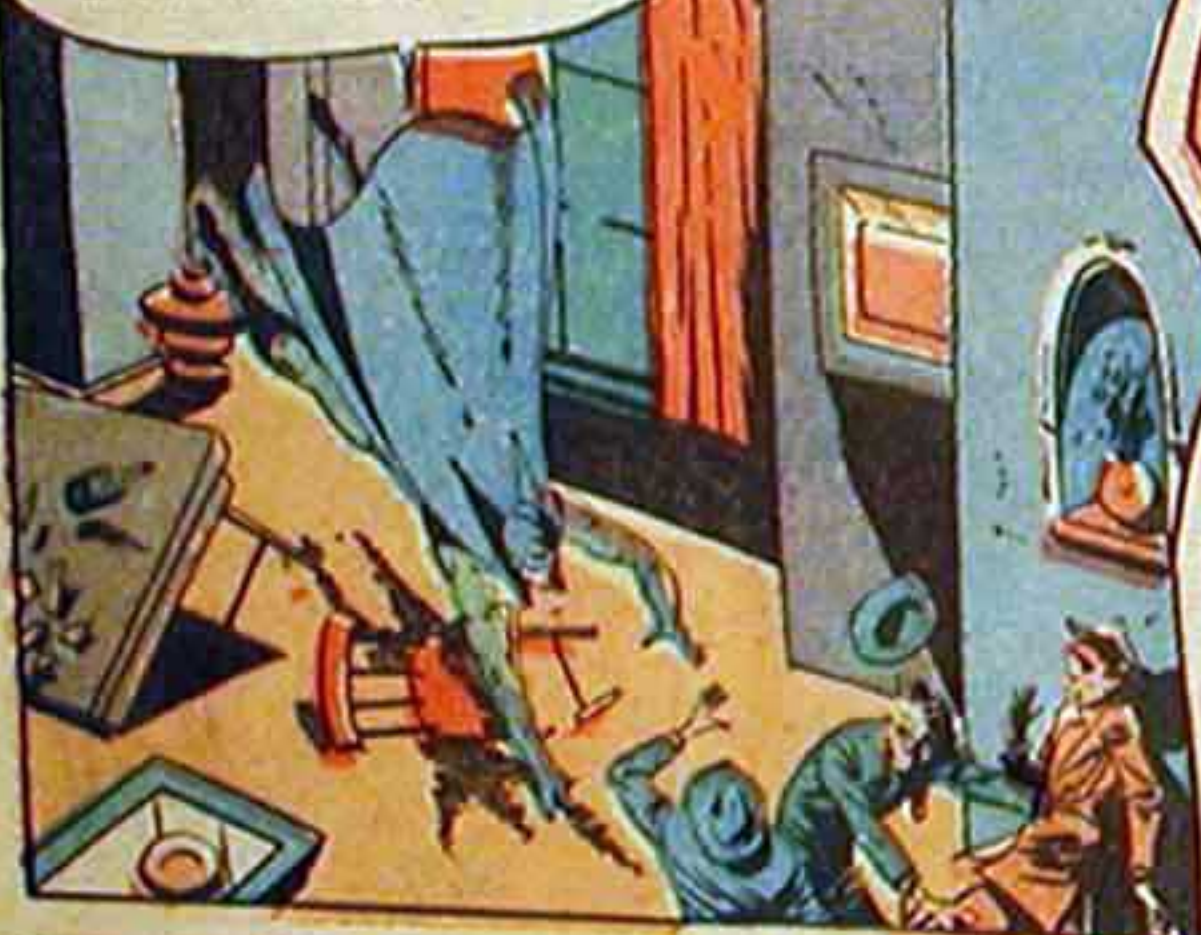
WHA---  
WHAT'S THAT?

YOU'VE COM-  
MITTED YOUR  
LAST  
CRIME,  
RAND!

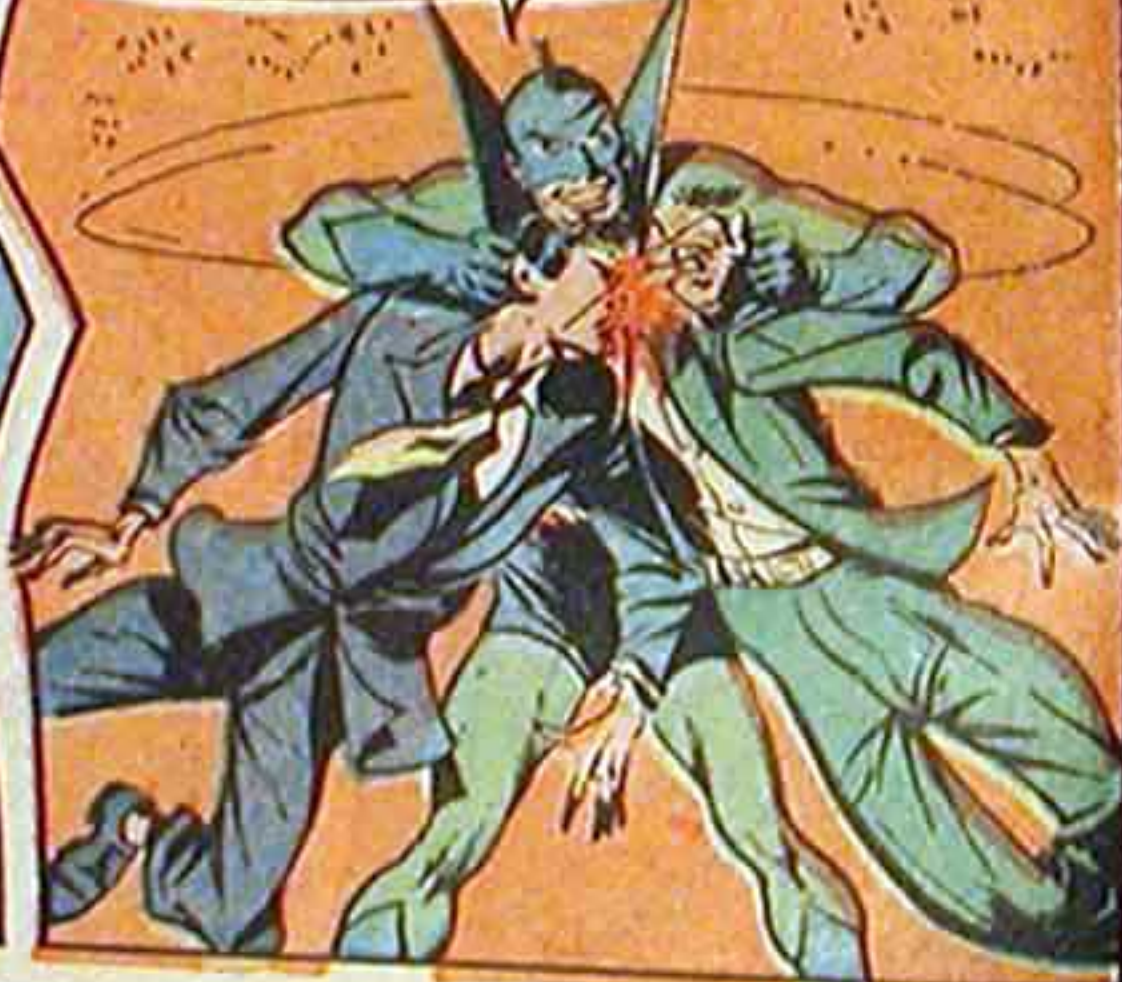
THE---  
THE HANG-  
MAN!



SO YOU KILLED *THE PROPHET*,  
EH, RAND? WELL I HEARD HIS  
LAST PROPHECY!



AND I'M GOING TO SEE  
TO IT THAT IT COMES TRUE!



THE POLICE WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, RAND!  
YOU'VE DONE A LOT OF FAST TALKING UP TO  
NOW! BUT YOU WON'T TALK  
YOURSELF  
OUT OF THE  
GALLOWS!

NICE GOING, CHIMP! C'MON, YOU GUYS, LET'S  
BEAT IT BEFORE THE COPS GET HERE!





MEANWHILE--- THERE'S RAND'S PLACE,  
CHIEF! BETTER WARN YOUR  
MEN TO BE CAREFUL, CHIEF!  
RAND'S MOBSTERS ARE  
**KILLERS**



SURROUND THE HOUSE MEN!  
CASEY, TAKE THE BACK EN-  
TRANCE! KELLY, YOU TAKE  
THE ALLEY, AND KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN!



STEP ON IT, YOU GUYS! I'VE GOT MY  
CAR OUT--- GULP--- **WE'RE TOO  
LATE!**



YEEOWW! IT'S EVERY  
MAN FOR HIMSELF!  
NOW!



SCURRYING LIKE RATS ON  
A SINKING SHIP, THE MOB-  
STERS SCATTER MADLY  
TO ESCAPE THE POLICE  
NET CLOSING IN ON  
THEM----



WHOA, THERE, JOE! YOU'RE  
NOT THINKING OF RUNNING  
OUT ON THE JUDGE, ARE  
YOU? HE'S SAVING A NICE  
CELL FOR YOU!



I OUTSMARTED THOSE  
BULLS! NOW TO GET  
OUT THROUGH  
THE BACK  
ALLEY!







AWRRRRK

HELLO, DUTCH! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? EXERCISING? YOU'LL GET PLENTY UP AT THE BIG HOUSE!

BUT ONE DOES SUCCEED IN SLIPPING THE DRAGNET - DIXIE RAND! AND THE HANGMAN TAKES UP THE CHASE----

PROPHET OR NO PROPHET, DIXIE RAND ISN'T GOING TO BE HANGED, NOT BY A LONG SHOT!



RAND'S TRYING TO GRAB THAT SPEEDBOAT ROPE --- HEY, YOU FELLOWS IN THE SPEEDBOAT! HOLD UP! WAIT!



THEY DIDN'T HEAR ME --- SAY, SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH RAND --- HE SEEMS TO BE ALL TANGLED UP IN THAT ROPE! HE STRUGGLING!



HEY TOM, I'M TRYIN' TO PULL IN THIS ROPE, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING TANGLED UP IN IT! GIMME A HAND, WILL YOU?



GREAT CAESAR! IT'S A MAN! HAUL HIM IN - QUICK!



YEEOWW!... HE'S DEAD... STRANGLED BY OUR HITCHING ROPE! THE GUY PUT HIS OWN NECK IN A NOOSE!

UGH---WHAT A WAY TO DIE! WONDER HOW IT HAPPENED?

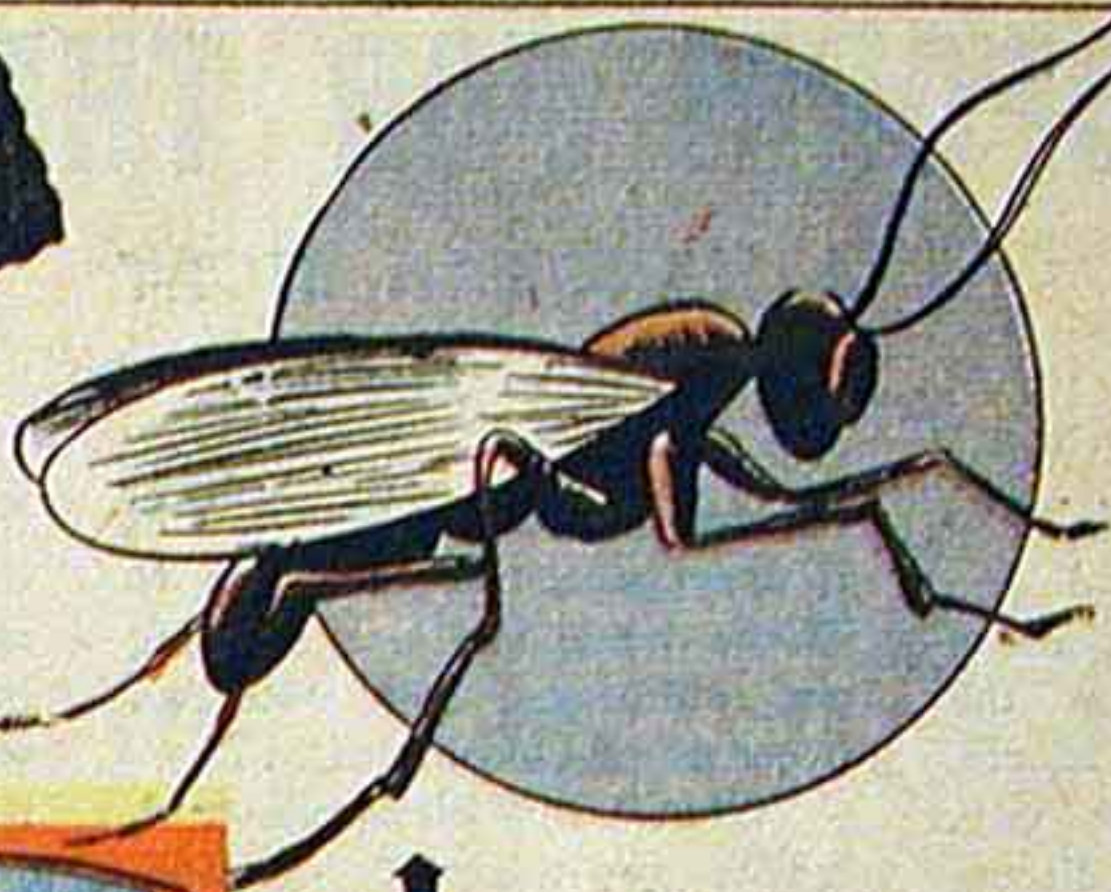
THE END



# WORLD WONDERS



**W**ILLIAM PENDERGAST, THE FIGHTING IRISHMAN OF DUCHESS COUNTY, NEW YORK, IN 1754 LED AN ARMY OF UP STATE NEW YORK FARMERS IN REVOLT AGAINST NEW YORK CITY AND MADE AN UNSUCCESSFUL EFFORT TO CAPTURE IT!



**TERMITES** AND OTHER INSECTS ARE THE CAUSE OF WARS AMONG SOME AFRICAN TRIBES... THEY ARE HIGHLY REGARDED AS A DELICACY TO SERVE TO VISITING ROYALTY.

## A FISH CAN DROWN

IF TRAPPED IN A FISH NET WITH HUNDREDS OF SMALLER FISH, A SHARK WILL SUFFOCATE AND DROWN!



**T**HOMAS ANELLO, A FISHERMAN OF NAPLES, INSPIRED HIS FELLOW ITALIAN COUNTRYMEN TO REVOLT AGAINST THE CRUEL SPANIARDS AND FOR HIS EFFORT WAS MADE A **KING** OVERNIGHT!

-635



# CHLOROFORM FOR THE CORPSE

## A HANGMAN STORY

By SCOTT FELDMAN

**B**OB DICKERING didn't like it.

Thelma Gordon had gone to spend the week-end at the apartment of Margaret Moore, the singer, in another city. She'd gone there to discuss Miss Moore's appearance at the forthcoming Society Relief Ball, and that's all there was to it. Margaret Moore, at 45, was well-known as a stiff-backed, respectable to the nth degree woman, and Thelma had anticipated a dull three days.

And then, on the very evening Thelma had arrived at Margaret Moore's apartment, Bob had received a phone call from her. "Hangman," Thelma's voice, low and frightened, had said, "come at once! Something terrible's happened."

So, Bob didn't like it. As The Hangman, he leaped into his car and drove down to Margaret Moore's apartment. The moment he entered the door, he liked it less.

Police were scattered all around the place. There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Thelma Gordon.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Lieutenant Brady of Homicide was there too, and he knew The Hangman. Brady smiled. "No use, Hangman," he said. "This case is cut and dried."

The Hangman looked at him, his eyes puzzled. "What case?" he asked.

"Don't you know?" Brady asked. "This blonde dame here just knocked off Margaret

Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform. . . ."

"What," The Hangman said, "makes you think Thelma Gordon did it?"

Brady's eyebrows lifted. "I see you know the blonde babe's name," he said. "Well, Hangman, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform, and you happen to spot a week-end guest's luggage open with a bottle of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," The Hangman said. He turned to Thelma. "What about that chloroform, Thelma?"

Thelma looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

Brady guffawed. "That's what they all say. . . ."

"Easy, Brady," The Hangman said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Gordon. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," Brady said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall, and entered a room. The Hangman followed him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of

furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" The Hangman asked.

"Right," said Brady. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Brady. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"Blamed if I can tell you," Brady said. "I didn't know the dame personal." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea," said The Hangman. "As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who *really* killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. The Hangman looked them over.

One, Thelma Gordon. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as



Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

The Hangman turned to Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Lieutenant Brady. Was Margaret Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she said. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always tightly locked."

The Hangman nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

The Hangman rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

The Hangman knew the reason.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Thelma Gordon has spent week-ends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Moore always appeared at Miss Gordon's society benefits, and Miss Gordon stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

The Hangman smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you're driving at."

"You will in a minute," The Hangman said. He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she said. . . .

And then she moved back and pressed against the wall. The shadow of a noose had fallen across her features.

"There's your murderer, Lieutenant Brady," The Hangman said.

Brady scratched his head and looked vague.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over Brady's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be put down to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the win-

dow to let the smell go out—and in doing so made the mistake which is going to send her to the gallows. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is air conditioned!"

The Hangman looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Thelma's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Thelma's room as Thelma slept, and put the chloroform into Thelma's overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

"And someone did, too," Brady said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

"Well, there it is," The Hangman said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said, wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. I did!"

"All right, Brady," The Hangman said. "Take the cuffs off Miss Gordon—and duck! She looks as if she's going to sock you—and darned if I won't stand around and applaud while she does."



The







MANY ARE THE DARK AND TRAGIC SECRETS HIDDEN ETERNALLY IN THE BLACK DEPTHS OF "OLE MAN RIVER"—THE MISSISSIPPI! AND STILL ANOTHER ONE WOULD HAVE BEEN ADDED THAT FATEFUL NIGHT THE LUMBERING PADDLEBOAT CHURNED ALONG ITS MURKY SURFACE! FOR AMONG THE PASSENGERS, THERE STALKED A DIABOLICALLY CLEVER MURDERER! AND THE HANGMAN FINDS HIMSELF PITTED AGAINST THE STRANGEST AND MOST PUZZLING CASE OF HIS CAREER, AS HIS NOOSE REACHES OUT FOR THE  
**MURDERER ON THE MISSISSIPPI!**

BY BOB FUCHS



ON A MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOAT---

IM GLAD YOU GOT THIS IDEA FOR A VACATION, BOB! THIS SEA AIR IS SWELL!

SURE IS! SAY, WE MUST BE READY TO LEAVE PORT! THE LAST PASSENGERS ARE COMING ABOARD!

A PARSON COMES UP THE GANGPLANK---

WHAT'S WRONG MY GOOD MAN? YOU SEEM TO BE HAVING TROUBLE!

TROUBLE IS RIGHT! WHAT'VE YOU GOT IN THIS SUITCASE-ROCKS?

HA, HA! I AM TRAVELING RATHER HEAVY AT THAT! HERE-- PERHAPS A TIP WILL RECOMPENSE YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

THANKS, PARSON! WOW! SURE FEELS GOOD TO PUT THAT SUITCASE DOWN!

RIGHT BEHIND THE PARSON COME TWO MORE PASSENGERS----

TAKE US TO OUR STATEROOM QUICKLY, STEWARD! POOR FIFI IS TIED--- I WANT TO FEED HER!

SUDDENLY---

FIFI! STOP THAT THIS MINUTE!

IT SEEMS YOUR DOG DOESN'T LIKE ME, MISS--- MISS---

MRS. EVE BRADBURY FIFI IS SUCH A NAUGHTY DOG!

THEN AS MR. AND MRS. BRADBURY CONTINUE ON THEIR WAY---

HEY! YOU'VE DROPPED MY SUITCASE!

IM AWFULLY SORRY, SIR! I'LL HAVE YOUR BELONGINGS BACK IN A JIFFY!

OH NO, YOU DONT! GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY THINGS, YOU ---

WHA..?









HANDS OFF HIM, BROTHER!  
MURDER'S STILL ILLEGAL  
IN THIS COUNTRY!

HE DESERVES THE  
BEATING OF HIS  
LIFE! THE SNOOP-  
ING RAT!

YOU'RE-- YOU'RE  
CRAZY! I'M NOT  
INTERESTED IN  
YOUR PRIVATE  
AFFAIRS!



THAT'S THE SECOND TIME  
THAT MADMAN ATTACKED ME,  
FIRST WHEN I TRIED TO HELP  
HIM PUT HIS BELONGINGS BACK  
IN HIS TRUNK---AND THE SE-  
COND TIME WHEN I WAS  
WALKING AWAY!



YOU FOOL!  
THAT STEWARD  
MEANT NO  
HARM!

HE WAS WISE TO US, I  
TELL YOU! HE WAS TRYING  
TO EXAMINE MY BAGGAGE!



YOU ARE CRAZY--JUST  
AS THE STEWARD  
SAID! I'VE GOT A  
GOOD MIND TO WALK  
OUT ON YOU! I'M  
GOING TO MY ROOM!



THEN THAT NIGHT AS BOB DICKER-  
ING CHANGES FOR DINNER---

I CAN'T SETTLE DOWN!  
THERE'S AN ODD FEELING OF  
TENSENESS ON THIS SHIP--AS  
THOUGH SOMETHING'S ABOUT  
TO HAPPEN, AND IT'S KEEPING  
ME ON EDGE! HEY--WHAT'S  
THAT IN THE  
WATER?



SUDDENLY, BOB STARES OUT  
OF THE PORTHOLE---

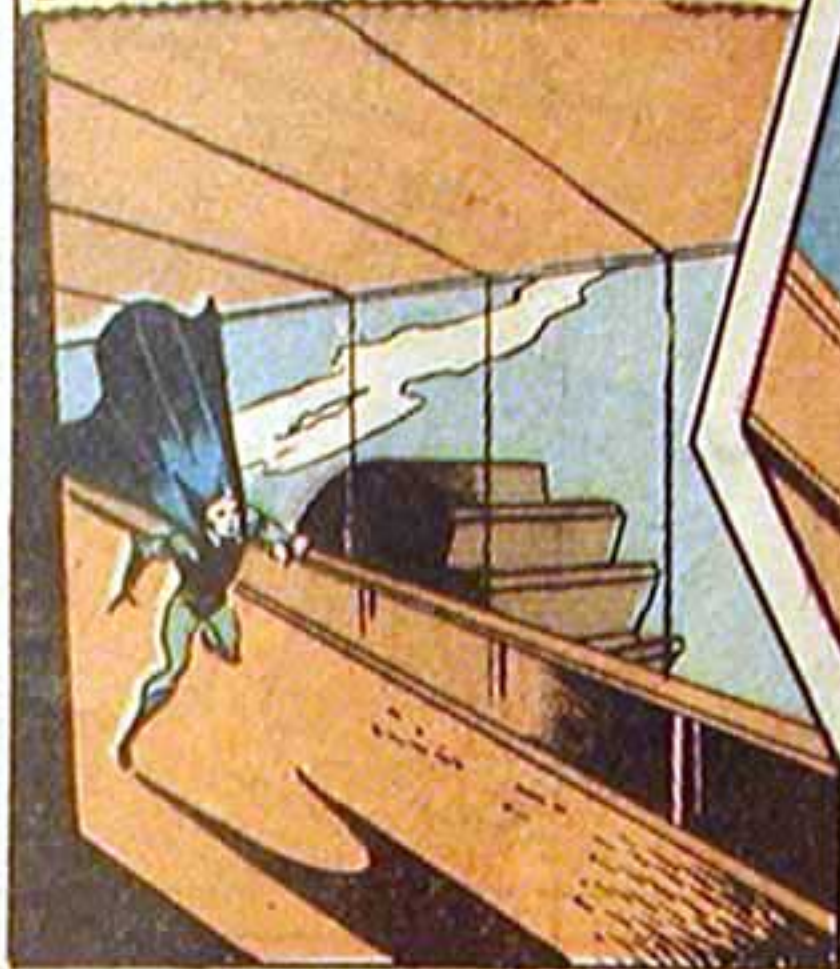
GREAT GUNS!  
IT HAS  
HAPPENED!



QUICKLY BOB DICKERING  
REMOVES HIS OUTER  
CLOTHING AND EMERGES  
AS THAT GRIM FOE OF  
EVIL-- **THE HANGMAN!**



THE HANGMAN RACES TO THE  
END OF THE BOAT---



AND DIVES RIGHT INTO  
THE WATER---



NOW TO GET TO THE BOTTOM  
AND FIND OUT IF I SAW RIGHT!



I WASN'T  
MISTAKEN!



HMM! IT'S THE  
TOUGH GUY--- THE  
ONE WHO WAS  
SETTING OUT TO  
STRANGLE  
THAT STEWARD!



I'D BETTER  
DRAG THE BODY  
ONTO SHORE!---



--- BECAUSE YOU CAN'T  
PROSECUTE A MURDERER  
WITHOUT SHOWING A  
CORPSE!



AND NOW I'D BETTER  
FINISH UP MY PLAN...  
AND THEN TRY TO  
CATCH THE SHIP  
AT THE NEXT  
PORT!



SOME TIME LATER...







I-- I'LL TALK! I TALKED HIM INTO STEALING THE JEWELS! WE WANTED TO GET MARRIED, AND WE COULDN'T BECAUSE OF THE CHICKEN FEED HE EARNED AS A SOCIAL SECRETARY!



BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE MURDER! I SWEAR IT!



MEANWHILE, THELMA HAS HER OWN IDEAS ABOUT THE MURDER---

BOB IS WRONG IN THINKING THAT WOMAN DID IT-- I'M SURE THE MURDERER IS THAT GANGSTER, MONK FREDRICKS!



NOW IF I CAN ONLY FIND THE JEWELS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THIS STATEROOM!



JUST THEN---

ALL RIGHT, YOU! GET YOUR HANDS OUT OF THAT DRAWER!



I DON'T LIKE SNOOPY DAMES, SEE?



GET MOVIN'! YOU AND ME ARE GOIN FOR A LITTLE ONE-WAY WALK!

TSK, TSK! WONT YOU EVEN LET A GIRL PRETTY HERSELF UP?



BUT IF YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY-- I WONT KEEP YOU WAITING!



AND NOW MR. FREDRICKS GET YOUR HANDS UP!

MY EYES! MY EYES!





SOME MINUTES LATER---

HERE'S THE ONE YOU OUGHT TO QUESTION ABOUT THE MURDER, HANGMAN! HE PULLED A GUN ON ME, BUT I MANAGED TO GET IT AWAY FROM HIM!



SUDDENLY FREDRICKS SWERVES--

MURDER!  
YOU'RE NOT HANG-  
ING A MURDER  
RAP ON ME!



TAKE IT EASY,  
FREDRICKS!



NOBODY'S HANGING ANYTHING  
ON YOU!



BUT IF YOU WANT TO  
STAY HEALTHY---



--STICK  
AROUND  
A WHILE!



ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN--  
BUT I DIDN'T HAVE  
A HAND IN ANY  
MURDER--



IT'S JUST THAT-- WELL, YOU KNOW  
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A GUY  
WITH MY REP WERE TRIED FOR  
MURDER! I'D BE CONVICTED  
EVEN IF I DIDN'T DO IT!



LISTEN, THEL-- YOU'D BET-  
TER GO AND GET THE  
STEWART WHILE I CRUISE  
AROUND A BIT!









THEN THE HANGMAN PROCEEDS  
BACK TO EVE'S STATEROOM----

AND NOW, HERE'S  
WHAT I WANTED TO  
SHOW YOU!



ONE OF YOU KILLED  
THIS MAN--AND I'M  
PRETTY SURE I KNOW  
WHICH ONE!



WELL, WHAT ARE  
YOU LOOKING AT ME  
FOR? I---I HAVEN'T  
ANY PART IN THIS  
BUSINESS! I'M HERE  
AS A WITNESS!



NO, FRIEND, I'M AFRAID THE GAME'S UP! YOU  
CAN TAKE OFF THAT PHONY REVERSED  
COLLAR! YOU'RE NO MORE A  
PARSON THAN I AM!



I KNEW YOU WEREN'T A PARSON WHEN I SAW  
THAT YOU WERE WEARING SPATS! A PARSON  
WOULDN'T WEAR SPATS! THEN I REMEMBERED  
YOUR SUITCASE---THE ONE SO  
HEAVY THE STEWARD ASKED IF IT  
WAS FILLED WITH ROCKS! I WENT  
TO YOUR STATEROOM AND FOUND  
THE BAG EMPTY, IT HAD  
BEEN FILLED WITH



ROCKS----  
ROCKS TO  
WEIGH DOWN  
WILKINSON'S  
BODY WHEN  
YOU THREW  
HIM OVER-  
BOARD!

ALL RIGHT, HANGMAN---YOU'VE GOT  
IT ALL FIGURED OUT! SURE I'M REED,  
WHOSE JEWELS WERE STOLEN BY  
WILKINSON! BUT YOU HAVEN'T GOT  
ME YET!



THELMA LIFTS HER GUN BUT---

WAIT, THELMA--DON'T  
SHOOT! THERE ARE ONE  
OR TWO THINGS HE  
HASN'T EXPLAINED!  
I WANT TO GET HIM  
ALIVE!



THE FOOL! WHERE DOES HE  
EXPECT TO RUN ABOARD  
SHIP?





THE CHASE CONTINUES-- DOWN DECKS, THROUGH CABINS, THROUGH THE SALON----

TSK, TSK! MISSED!  
YOU'LL HAVE TO  
DO BETTER  
THAN THAT!



UNTIL FINALLY, REED RACES ROUND A CORNER AND  
LEAPS INTO A LIFEBOAT--

AS SOON AS HE RETURNS  
THE CORNER, I'LL PUT A  
BULLET THROUGH HIS  
HEAD!



AND AS THE HANGMAN STARES AROUND HIM--

I WONDER WHERE HE  
COULD HAVE GONE!

YOU'LL FIND OUT  
SOON ENOUGH  
HANGMAN!



BUT-- GREAT HEAVENS! THE  
GUNS OUT OF  
BULLETS!



BUT IF I CAN'T  
USE THE GUN TO  
SHOOT YOU--



I'LL USE  
IT TO  
CRACK YOUR  
HEAD OPEN!



AND NOW TO THROW HIM INTO  
THE SHIP'S PADDLE-WHEEL!  
HE'LL BE CRUSHED--  
MANGLED!



BUT SUDDENLY--





AND REED HIMSELF FALLS INTO THE PADDLES---



QUICK! STOP THE BOAT!



THE SHIP'S OFFICERS HAUL REED UP.



BUT--- I'LL GET A DOCTOR!  
NO-- IT--- IT'S NO USE! I-- DYING!



I--- DON'T SUPPOSE THERE'S MUCH HARM IN TELLING EVERYTHING--- NOW! HERE, HANGMAN, HERE ARE THE JEWELS WILKINSON STOLE FROM ME!



WHY--WHY, THESE JEWELS ARE PHONY, THEY'RE PASTE!



EXACTLY, YOU SEE, I'D PAIGNED THE REAL JEWELS! THEN I HAD THESE MADE-- AND TEMPTED WILKINSON TO STEAL THEM! WHEN HE DID, I COLLECTED THE INSURANCE! NATURALLY I HAD TO COME AFTER HIM AND KILL HIM-- BECAUSE WHEN HE'D TRY TO SELL THEM SOMEWHERE THE WHOLE THING MIGHT COME OUT-- SO-- I--



HE'S DEAD!



AND THE PADDLE BOAT CHURNS ALONG THE FACE OF 'OLE MAN RIVER' THE RIVER WHOSE MURKY WATERS WOULD HAVE ADDED ANOTHER TO ITS MANY DARK SECRETS BUT FOR THE HANGMAN!





HOLY CATS! I  
CAN'T JUMP! I  
FORGOT TO PACK  
MY COPY OF THE  
SWELL NEW  
**ARCHIE COMICS!**







Bob Fudge  
T. D. PRETA

FROM OUT OF A SHABBY GARRET FILLED WITH PAINTINGS WHICH DON'T MAKE THE GRADE STEPPED **THE ARTIST**, A MAD MURDERER WHO PAID BACK FRANKNESS ---- WITH DEATH! **THE ARTIST** WAS FRUSTRATED, HIS PAINTINGS WERE NOT MAKING HIM FAMOUS ---- AND HE SET OUT TO MAKE SURE THE WORLD WOULD HEAR OF THEM! HE PAINTED PICTURES OF VARIOUS PEOPLE BEING MURDERED ---- AND PROCEEDED TO KILL THE PEOPLE IN EXACTLY THE WAY PICTURED! SO A GREAT MANY PEOPLE CAME TO HEAR OF **THE ARTIST**! AND ONE OF THESE PEOPLE WAS THE ARCH-ENEMY OF EVIL ----

**THE HANGMAN!**



OUR STORY OPENS AT THE  
STUDIO OF NORTON ROCKHILL,  
FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTER---



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS AND--



MR. ROCKHILL,  
COULD I--- SEE  
YOU FOR A  
MINUTE?



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? I'VE  
TOLD YOU THAT YOUR WORK  
SHOWS ABSOLUTELY NO PRO-  
MISE! WILL YOU PLEASE STOP AN-  
NOYING ME!



JUST A MOMENT, MR. ROCKHILL!  
THIS PAINTING IS QUITE DE-  
FERENT FROM THE  
OTHERS! I'M SURE  
IT'LL INTEREST  
YOU----



GET READY FOR A SUR-  
PRISE, MY DEAR MR.  
ROCKHILL!



LOOK! HOW DO YOU LIKE MY  
MASTERPIECE? THAT'S THE WAY  
YOU'RE GOING TO DIE, ROCKHILL!  
HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE WAY  
YOU'RE  
GOING  
TO DIE!



WHAT---? WILSON, HAVE  
YOU GONE MAD? NO--  
DONT! NO!  
NO!



AEEEEEE





HOURS LATER, AN EXTRA  
HITS THE STREETS---

NEW YORK PRESS  
**NORTON ROCKHILL  
MURDERED**



**STRANGE PAINTING  
ONLY CLUE TO  
MURDERER**

AT THAT MOMENT, AT THE PO-  
LICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE--

I TELL YOU, MR. COMMISSIONER,  
YOU'VE GOT TO FIND THIS  
MURDERER! YOU'VE GOT TO---  
OR HE'LL KILL US NEXT!



AND AT BOB DICKERING'S HOME--

HMM! FUNNY ABOUT THAT  
PAINTING!



LOOK--YOU SEE THIS  
PAINTING FOUND ON ROCK-  
HILL'S BODY! WELL, EACH  
OF US RECEIVED A  
SIMILAR PAINTING  
IN THE MORNING  
MAIL--TELLING HOW  
WE WERE GOING TO  
DIE!



I THINK THE HANGMAN  
HAD BETTER LOOK  
INTO THIS!



ARE YOU GOING TO PERMIT THIS MAD-  
MAN TO ROAM THE STREETS?  
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO  
DO ABOUT IT? ANSWER  
ME!



GENTLEMEN! GENTLE-  
MEN! PLEASE! THE  
POLICE ARE DOING  
ALL THEY CAN!



SUDDENLY, A FIGURE EN-  
TERS THE ROOM. THE  
HANGMAN!



MR.  
COMMISSIONER!

I'VE COME TO TELL YOU THAT  
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT  
THIS CASE! WITHIN THREE  
DAYS, I HOPE TO CRACK  
IT FOR YOU!





AND NOW LET'S LOOK INTO THE PAST! WHAT STARTED JOHN WILSON, THE ARTIST, ON HIS BLOODY CAREER? READ ON AND SEE, AS WILSON ENTERS A SWANKY ART GALLERY---



INSIDE THE GALLERY, WILSON PLEADS WITH JULIAN JONAS, OWNER OF THE GALLERY---

ALL RIGHT, WILSON! IF ONLY TO STOP YOU FROM ANNOYING ME, I'LL LOOK AT YOUR BLASTED PAINTINGS!



WHEW! WE'VE WALKED THREE FLIGHTS ALREADY! HOW MUCH FURTHER IS IT?

JUST TWO MORE FLIGHTS, SIR!



FINALLY, THEY REACH WILSON'S GARRET---

WHAT A RELIEF TO SIT DOWN---HEY, THIS CHAIR'S CAVING IN!



OH, PLEASE, MR. JONES! PLEASE DON'T GO! PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT! BUT YOUR PAINTINGS HAD **BETTER** BE WORTHWHILE!



THEY ARE, SIR--- THEY ARE! HERE--THIS IS MY MASTER-PIECE, *WINTER MORN!*



WHAT! IS THAT YOUR MASTERPIECE? GOOD HEAVENS, MAN--- IT'S **AWFUL!**



HA, HA, HA! I GUESS THE JOKE'S ON ME! COMING ALL THE WAY OVER TO SEE *THAT!*





THEN LATER, WILSON ENTERED  
AN ART STORE---

I HOPE HE HAS THOSE  
SUPPLIES READY FOR  
ME!

CHARGE--ELEVEN DOLLARS! BUT  
I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY RIGHT NOW!  
COULDN'T YOU-- COULDN'T YOU  
EXTEND ME CREDIT?

WHAT! NO MONEY! THEN  
GET OUT OF HERE!  
WHERE WOULD YOU  
GET MONEY TO  
PAY ME BACK IF  
I EXTENDED  
YOU CREDIT?

NO! NO! YOU CAN'T TAKE  
THESE SUPPLIES BACK! I NEED  
THEM FOR MY WORK!

AND IF YOU WON'T GIVE THEM  
TO ME ON CREDIT, I'LL TAKE  
THEM FREE!

OH, YEAH? THAT'S  
WHAT YOU  
THINK!

GET TOUGH WITH ME, WILL YA?  
I'LL BREAK YOUR  
SCRAWNY NECK!

BUT WILSON  
SEIZES AN  
ARTIST'S  
KNIFE, AND...

YAAAAAH



I-- I'VE KILLED  
HM! I'VE  
KILLED HIM!

IVE GOT TO GET  
OUT OF HERE!

HOURS LATER---

GET THE LATEST  
PAPER! MURDER  
IN AN ART SUP-  
PLY STORE!

AND THE ARTIST RUSHES  
OUT OF THE STORE, FOR-  
GETTING THE PORTRAIT HE  
HAD BROUGHT WITH HIM.

HEY--- MY--MY PAPER! WHAT  
HAPPENED TO MY NEWS-  
PAPER?

HEY-- YOU CROOK!  
COME BACK WITH  
THAT NEWSPAPER!

LOOK! THEY'VE GIVEN THE  
MURDER A FULL-PAGE  
SPREAD! AND--AND THERE'S  
THE PORTRAIT I PAINTED  
FEATURED RIGHT IN THE  
CENTER OF IT!

WHAT A TWIST OF  
FATE! BEFORE THIS  
I COULDN'T GET MY  
PAINTINGS EXHIBITED  
ANYWHERE! AND NOW--  
THROUGH MURDER--  
MILLIONS WILL SEE  
MY WORK!

VERY WELL THEN! THIS IS ONLY THE  
BEGINNING! I'LL PAY BACK A FEW  
DEBTS---AND BECOME A WORLD-FAMOUS  
PAINTER AT THE SAME TIME!



WILSON RETURNS TO JONAS' ART GALLERY---

WHAT-WHO'S THERE?

YOU AGAIN! **GET OUT!**  
I TOLD YOU WHAT I THINK  
OF YOUR PAINTINGS!

JUST A MOMENT! I'M SURE  
**THIS** PAINTING WILL PLEASE  
YOU MORE!

GET OUT OF MY  
WAY WHILE I  
UNWRAP IT!

THERE, MR. JONAS! HOW  
DO YOU LIKE **THIS**  
PAINTING?

I--- I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH YOU, WILSON? HAVE  
YOU GONE CRAZY?

YES, MR. JONAS! I'VE  
GONE CRAZY ALL  
RIGHT---

**KILL-  
CRAZY!**



AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW--  
MURDER AFTER MURDER OCCURS  
IN THE ART FIELD---



AND THEN, AT THE OFFICE OF THE  
EDITOR OF *ART REVIEWS* MAGAZINE---



EH? WHAT'S THAT?  
A PACKAGE FOR ME?



GOOD--  
GOOD LORD!  
WHAT DOES  
THIS MEAN?



THIS  
IS WHAT  
IT MEANS,  
MR. EDITOR!

AND DOWNSTAIRS, THE HANGMAN  
WHO HAS BEEN SCOURING THE  
ART DISTRICT, HEARS---



A  
SHOT!

THAT TOOK CARE OF  
HIM! NOW TO... GOOD LORD!  
IT... IT'S... THE HANGMAN!



SO YOU'RE  
THE ARTIST!  
LOOKS LIKE  
I'VE COME TO  
THE END OF  
THE TRAIL!









THE NEXT DAY, THE ARTIST SCANS A NEWSPAPER---

ART NEWS  
ART EXHIBIT TODAY  
AT AMBOY HALL.  
MICHAEL LAURIE  
FAMOUS ART CRITIC  
TO PRESIDE.

INTERESTING/  
VERY INTERESTING/  
A SPLENDID OPPOR-  
TUNITY TO RENEW  
MY ACQUAINTANCE-  
SHIP WITH MR. LAURIE.

THE GREAT MR. LAURIE WHO ONCE SNEERED AT ME...  
RIDICULED ME. I DON'T THINK HE'LL SNEER THIS  
TIME. IN FACT I SHOULDN'T BE SURPRISED  
IF MY WORK OF ART WERE TO LEAVE HIM  
BREATHLESS... HA HA, HA! YES! FOREVER BREATHLESS!

LATER THAT DAY, MICHAEL LAURIE  
ARRIVES AT AMBOY HALL---

THERE'S  
LAURIE  
NOW!

I GUESS THE  
EXHIBIT'S  
ABOUT TO  
START!

INSIDE, LAURIE MOUNTS THE STAGE--

I WILL NOW PRO-  
CEED TO DISCUSS  
THESE PAINTINGS!

AND AS LAURIE TALKS, A  
FIGURE WATCHES TENSELY,  
--- THE HANGMAN!

UNLESS I MISS  
MY GUESS,  
THERE'S GONNA  
TO BE ACTION  
ANY MINUTE  
NOW!

NOTE THIS PAINTING ---  
A PORTRAIT BY KENMANN!!  
NOTE ITS SIMPLICITY---ITS  
DEEP SOMBRE BEAUTY!  
A GREAT WORK!

AND NOW FOR THE  
NEXT PAINTING! IT---  
GOOD HEAVENS!



IT---IT'S THE ARTIST!  
HE'S AFTER ME!

KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON,  
LAURIE! NOTHING'S  
GOING TO HAPPEN  
TO YOU!

BUT EVEN AS THE HANGMAN  
RUSHES INTO PROTECT LAURIE,  
UP IN THE LIGHT TOWER A FIGURE  
CLINGING TO THE SHADOWS MAKES  
ITS WAY TOWARD THE LIGHT  
SWITCH. PULLS IT...

THE HALL IS PLUNGED  
INTO BLACKNESS!  
SUDDENLY, A FLASH-  
LIGHT GLIMMERS...

...AND THROWS ITS  
EERIE RAYS OVER THE  
HORROR-TWISTED  
FEATURES OF--MICHAEL  
LAURIE!

NO!  
NO!

THEN SUDDENLY...

SORRY,  
LAURIE--  
BUT THIS  
IS FOR  
YOUR OWN  
GOOD!

THE BLOW THROWS  
LAURIE TO THE FLOOR...  
JUST IN TIME! AN AXE  
WHIZZES PAST HIS HEAD...

...THEN THE LIGHTS FLICK ON,  
THE ARTIST STANDS ON THE  
STAGE---









I DONT LIKE PEOPLE WHO SWING AXES AT ME---



AND SOMETIMES I'M NOT TOO GENTLE WITH 'EM!



THE ARTIST CRASHES RIGHT THROUGH HIS OWN CANVAS!



HERE'S THE MAN WHO'S BEEN TERRORIZING THE ART FIELD FOR THE PAST WEEK! ONE OF YOU MEN GET THE POLICE!



LATER---

I CANT UNDERSTAND IT, HANGMAN! WHAT WAS HIS MOTIVE FOR ALL THESE CRIMES!

BITTERNESS, LAURIE! BITTERNESS AT HIS LACK OF SUCCESS IN THE ART FIELD!

THE CRITICISMS FAMOUS ARTISTS MADE OF HIS WORK WARPED HIS MIND! HE SET OUT TO KILL ALL THE PEOPLE HE FELT WERE AGAINST HIM! BUT HE'S COMMTTED HIS LAST MURDER! THE GALLOWES WILL MARK THE END OF HIS BLOODY CAREER!



THE END



# The HANGMAN'S PUZZLE



HERE IS A MYSTERY FOR YOU TO SOLVE. STARTING FROM THE BOTTOM OF THIS MAZE, IF YOU DRAW A LINE WITHOUT TOUCHING ANY OTHER LINE IT WILL REACH THE MURDERER OF THE DEAD MAN. SEE IF YOU CAN PICK OUT THE CORRECT SUSPECT BEFORE YOU START.

THIS IS BELLA MALLETT, THE MURDERED MAN'S DAUGHTER. SHE HATED HER FATHER BECAUSE OF HIS CRUEL TREATMENT OF HER FIANCE.



THIS IS BILL SCOTT, BELLA'S FIANCE, AND MR. MALLETT'S BITTER ENEMY. MALLETT HAD RUINED SCOTT'S FATHER WITH A CROOKED TRANSACTION.



THIS IS SYLVIA SOSHA, THE DANCER, WHO WAS BEING BLACK-MAILED BY MR. MALLETT FOR AN OLD CRIME SHE HAD DONE.



THIS IS DAVID CROFT, THE EX-BUSINESS PARTNER OF MR. MALLETT. MALLETT HAD SWINDLED HIM OUT OF \$800,000.





# BOY BUDDIES

SPECIAL CASE No. 10

Dusty and Roy

by Paul Reinman



THERE WAS AN AIR OF TENSION IN THE BIG COURT ROOM WHEN JOHNNY TEMPLETON, NO. 1 RACKETEER, WAS LED AWAY AS THE ACCUSED! ONLY A FEW MINUTES BEFORE HED FALSELY ACCUSED INNOCENT GLORIA GLBERT, THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER, OF MURDER. THE COURTROOM WAS THE SCENE OF SUDDEN TURMOIL AS JOHNNY SWERVED GRABBED A POLICEMAN'S GUN, AND FIRED AT DR. FARNSWORTH, WHO HAD JUST BROUGHT FORTH EVIDENCE AGAINST HIM! THE BOY BUDDIES, WHO ARE AMONG THE SPECTATORS, TRY TO SAVE THEIR FRIEND DR. FARNSWORTH! WHILE ROY TRIES TO GET THE DOCTOR OUT OF THE BULLETS PATH, DUSTY MAKES FOR THE ASSASSIN.



GRAB HIM!  
HE'S MAKING  
FOR THE  
WINDOW!

GOTTA  
GET OUT  
OF HERE!

WHAT A FOOL! HE  
FORGOT TO OPEN  
IT! TSK TSK!

CRASH

JUST WHAT I  
WAS LOOKN' FOR!  
I HOPE IT'S A FAST  
ONE!

OH NO  
YOU DON'T,  
BROTHER! NO  
MORE GET-  
AWAYS FOR  
YOU!

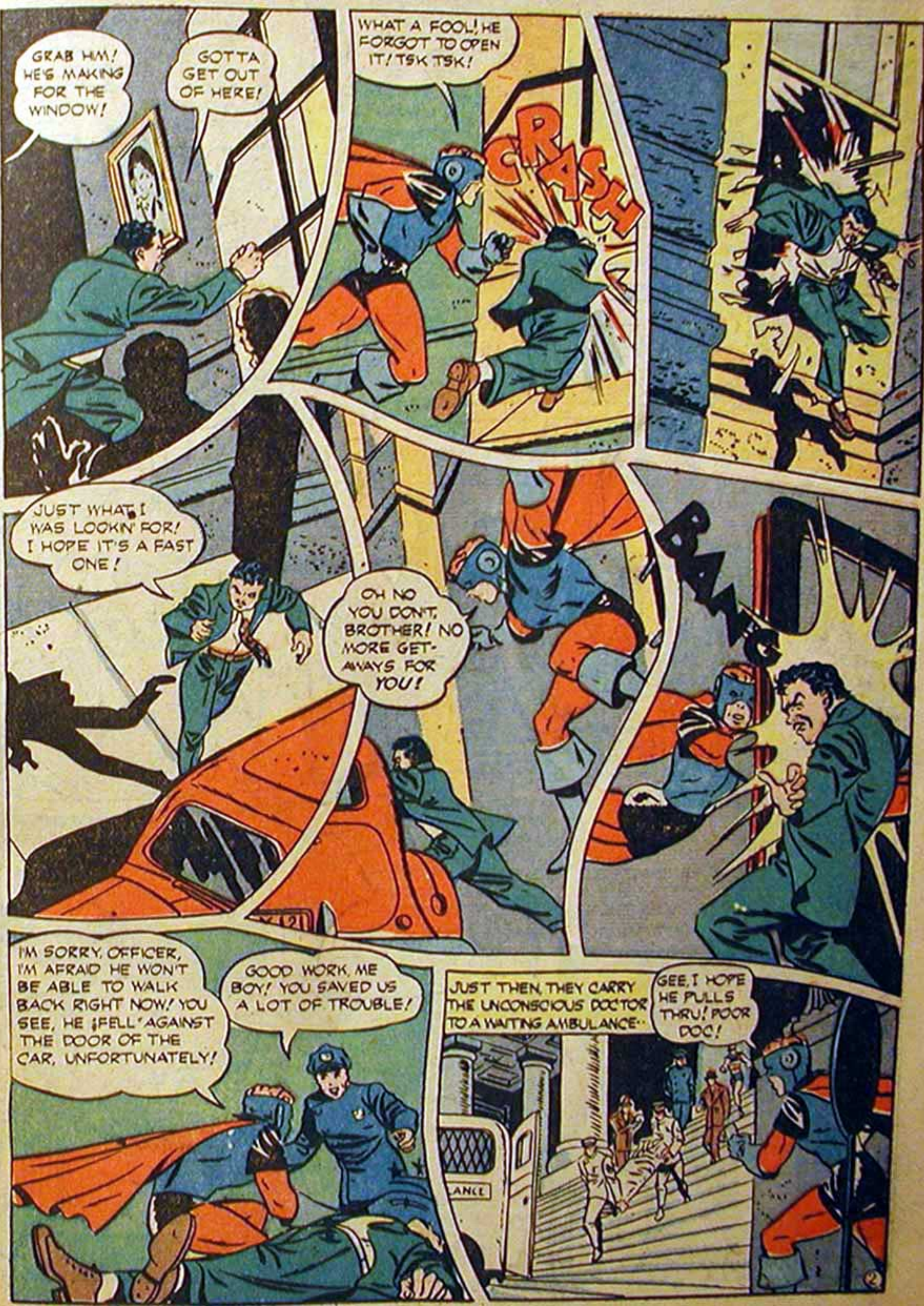
BRAVO

I'M SORRY, OFFICER,  
I'M AFRAID HE WON'T  
BE ABLE TO WALK  
BACK RIGHT NOW! YOU  
SEE, HE FELL AGAINST  
THE DOOR OF THE  
CAR, UNFORTUNATELY!

GOOD WORK, ME  
BOY! YOU SAVED US  
A LOT OF TROUBLE!

JUST THEN, THEY CARRY  
THE UNCONSCIOUS DOCTOR  
TO A WAITING AMBULANCE..

GEE, I HOPE  
HE PULLS  
THRU! POOR  
DOC!





LATER AT THE HOSPITAL---

JUST LIE STILL AND DON'T EXERT YOURSELF! YOU'VE LOST A LOT OF BLOOD! LUCKY HE MISSED YOUR HEART BY AN INCH!

COME IN BOYS! AS YOU SEE, YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME SO EASILY. I'M TOO TOUGH!

DON'T STAY TOO LONG, PLEASE!

I SHOULD'VE LISTENED TO YOU BOYS! YOU KNOW BAD COMPANY! THAT BIG HEARTED JOHNNY TEMPLETON, AND THEN 'WINE, WOMEN AND SONG'!. JUST LOOK AT ME NOW, BRILLIANT DR. FARNEWORTH!

THAT'S WHAT THEY USED TO CALL ME! BUT I LOVED A GOOD TIME, TOO MUCH, I'M AFRAID! YES AND I SAW TOO MANY BOTTLES, JUST LIKE HERE---

WHEN I MET HIM, GLORIA WAS WITH HIM...

COME ON, MAKE IT SNAPPY YOU TWO! WE'VE GOT TO GET GON'!

"THAT WHICH HATH MADE THEM DRUNK, HATH MADE ME BOLD, WHAT HATH QUENCHED THEM, HATH GIVEN ME FIRE!"

"GOOD NIGHT, GOOD-NIGHT, PARTING IS SUCH A SWEET SORROW, THAT A I SHALL SAY GOOD NIGHT TILL IT BE TOMORROW!"

OKAY, SHAKESPEARE, THAT'S ENOUGH! NOW LET'S GO!

HURRY UP AND GET IN, DOC! DON'T YOU SEE THE LADY IS TIRED AND WANTS TO GO HOME?

CAST OFF MY GOOD, A MAN, CAST OFF!



AND AS WE DROVE THRU  
THE QUIET COUNTRYSIDE...

STOP, PLEASE,  
MY FRIEND IS  
HURT!

WHAT'S THAT  
JOHNNY? LOOKS LIKE  
SOMEBODY IN  
DISTRESS!

WELL, OF  
ALL THE---

GET IN,  
YOU DRUNKEN  
FOOL!

WHAT'S HAPPEN-  
ED, BOYS? CAN  
I HELP YOU?  
I'M A DOCTOR!

HE'S  
GOT A NASTY  
CUT ON HIS  
FOREHEAD!  
HE---

WELL WHAT DO  
YOU THINK OF THAT!  
SUCH CALLOUSNESS! HE  
**MUST** BE HEARTLESS!

AS YOU SEE, DOC, I PULLED  
THRU ALL RIGHT! IT WAS ONLY  
A CUT!

YES, DUSTY, THAT  
WAS ONLY ONE OF  
THE CHARACTER-  
ISTICS OF JOHNNY  
TEMPLETON---

I'M SORRY,  
MY BOY!

HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR ONE OF THE  
WORST CRIME WAVES IN THE ANNALS OF  
OF OUR FAIR CITY! HE SEEMED TO BE IMMUNE  
TO PROSECUTION, ESPECIALLY SINCE OUR  
ENERGETIC MAYOR WAS BUSY IN THE  
CAPITOL!





NOW LISTEN, JOHNNY, GO EASY, WILL YOU! THE MAYOR WROTE ME FROM THE CAPITOL TO Wipe OUT THE RECENT WAVE OF CRIMES, OR HE'LL BE BACK AND DO IT HIMSELF!

OH, HE WILL, WILL HE? WHY, THAT'S JUST DANDY! DON'T WORRY MULLY, I'LL FIX HIM, AND FOR GOOD TOO! YOU KNOW, I'M A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF GLORIA, HIS DAUGHTER! GET IT?

THAT EVENING, JOHNNY THREW ONE OF HIS WILD PARTIES! GLORIA WAS THERE.

I GOT SPURS THAT  
JINGLE JANGLE  
JINGLE ♪ ♪

HIYA,  
BABE!

GET YOUR  
DIRTY HANDS  
OFF OF HER,  
TWITCHY!

I TOLD  
YOU NOT TO ANNOY US!

SMACK

IN A COLD RAGE, JOHNNY  
TOOK TWITCHY INTO THE  
ADJOINING ROOM----

[...] D...  
DON'T MEAN  
IT, BOSS!

SHUT UP, AND  
GET IN HERE!

A FEW  
MINUTES LATER,  
HE CAME BACK ALONE!  
HE WALKED OVER TO ME----

GET YOUR THINGS READY  
NOW! I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE  
TO TRY OUT YOUR NEW EX-  
PERIMENT! YOU KNOW, THE  
ONE ABOUT AMNESIA!



I HOPE SHE WON'T NOTICE THE TASTE OF THIS SLEEPING POWDER!

WELL, HERE'S TO YOUR FUTURE, GLORIA! MAY IT BE A HAPPY ONE!

OOOH, I FEEL SO DROWSY I'M SOOO TIRED, SO TIRED! GOT TO LIE DOWN!

COME ON, DOC, FOLLOW ME AND LOCK THE DOOR AFTER YOU!

WELL I HOPE IT WORKS OR WE'LL BOTH BE SUNK! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO KILL HIM?

HE WAS TOO MUCH OF A WISE GUY!

I WORKED FAST TO GET THE RIGHT SOLUTION...

ARE YOU SURE, DOC, THAT WHEN SHE WAKES UP SHE WON'T RE-MEMBER WHAT HAPPENED?

THIS INJECTION WILL CAUSE AN AMNESIA WHICH WILL LAST FROM THREE TO FOUR HOURS!

AND NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL GLORIA, WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU WON'T EVEN KNOW HOW IT HAPPENED! THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOUR OLD MAN! HA, HA, HA!





W--WHERE AM I? I  
WHO AM I? I CAN'T  
REMEMBER ANYTHING!

WHAT'S THAT?  
DO I KILL HIM?  
HOW HORRIBLE!

BUT THE FOLLOWING WEEK  
MAYOR GLBERT RETURN  
CITY, ALARMED BY THE RISING WAVE  
OF CRIME... THAT SETTLES IT!

GEORGE 'TWITCHY'  
HOLMDALE WAS FOUND MURDERED  
LAST NIGHT! HIS BODY WAS  
FLOATING IN THE EAST RIVER!  
HE WAS A HENCHMAN OF  
JOHNNY TEMPLETON!  
INTOLERABLE!

MULLIGAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO  
SOMETHING ABOUT ALL THESE MURDERS?  
WHY DID I PUT YOU IN CHARGE? WHY  
DIDN'T YOU TRY TO GET  
THAT JOHNNY TEMPLETON?  
THE WHOLE TOWN KNOWS  
THAT HE'S BEHIND ALL  
THIS! BRING HIM IN  
TODAY!

A FEW HOURS  
LATER....

HIYA, MAYOR,  
IF YOU WANTED  
TO SEE ME, YOU  
DIDN'T HAVE TO  
SEND THE WHOLE  
FORCE!

COME IN,  
TEMPLE-  
TON!

NOW LISTEN YOU  
PUNK, I'LL GET  
THE GOODS  
ON YOU YET!  
JUST WAIT  
AND SEE!

I WOULDN'T  
TALK SO LOUD  
MAYOR! YOU MAY  
NOT KNOW IT,  
BUT YOU AND YOUR  
DAUGHTER ARE IN  
IT, BUT DEEP!

TAKE  
A LOOK AT THIS!  
THERE'S YOUR MURDER-  
ER OF TWITCHY! YOUR  
DAUGHTER, GLORIA!  
WELL, WHAT ARE  
YOU GOING TO DO  
ABOUT THAT?

NOW YOU TAKE YOUR ORDERS  
FROM US OR IT'S CURTAINS  
FOR YOU AND GLORIA! GET IT?  
JUST KEEP AWAY FROM  
ME, AND YOUR DAUGHTER'LL  
REMAIN FREE!

YOU WIN, TEMPLETON!  
I'M HELPLESS! I'VE WARNED  
HER REPEATEDLY TO  
STAY AWAY FROM  
YOU AND YOUR  
FAST CROWD!



BUT THRU A QUEER COINCIDENCE AN OFFICER  
HAD NOT GOTTEN THE ORDER TO STAY  
AWAY FROM TEMPLETON---



HEY YOU,  
TEMPLETON, I WAS  
JUST LOOKIN' FOR  
YOU! COME ALONG!

I TELL YOU GUYS, JUST  
LET ME TALK TO THE  
MAYOR! I DON'T KNOW ANY-  
THING ABOUT THAT MURDER!



HE WAS YOUR  
PAL WASN'T  
HE?

COME CLEAN NOW, TEMPLETON!  
I FOUND THIS IN YOUR POCKET! SO  
YOU TRIED TO SHIELD HER!  
WELL, WE'LL HOLD YOU AS A  
MATERIAL WITNESS!



ALL RIGHT, COP-  
PER, I'LL TALK!  
GLORIA GIL-  
BERT KILLED  
HIM!

AND SO GLORIA HAD TO STAND  
TRIAL FOR MURDER---

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE  
JURY, WE SHALL PROVE TO YOU  
HOW GLORIA GILBERT SHOT  
AND KILLED THAT POORMAN  
IN COLD BLOOD! AND  
THEN, MIND YOU, SHE  
WENT DANCING AT A  
PARTY OF A CERTAIN  
MR. TEMPLETON!



STEADY,  
STEADY,  
MY DEAR!

BUT I DON'T  
REMEMBER,  
(SOB, SOB) DAD!  
IT'S ALL SO-  
FANTASTIC!

AND YOU SAY  
WHEN YOU ENTERED THE  
ROOM THERE WAS GLORIA  
STANDING WITH A GUN IN  
HER HAND, OVER THE  
BODY OF YOUR  
FRIEND? AND  
YOU TOOK  
THE SNAP-  
SHOT?

YESSIR,  
THAT'S  
RIGHT!



THAT'S A LIE, SR! I WAS  
THERE, TOO! GLORIA WAS  
WITH ME ALL EVENING! AT  
12 O'CLOCK JOHNNY TOOK  
A POKE AT TWITCHY AND  
DRAGGED HIM INTO THE  
NEXT ROOM---



LATER HE CAME BACK ALONE! AT  
ONE O'CLOCK HE GAVE GLORIA A  
SLEEPING POWDER WITH HER WINE! THEN  
WE PUT HER IN THE NEXT ROOM, WITH  
THE DEAD BODY OF TWITCHY!  
THEN I GAVE THE UNCONCIOUS GIRL AN  
INJECTION WHICH CAUSED TEMPORARY  
AMNESIA WHEN SHE WOKE UP!



WHY, YOU DIRTY  
DOUBLE CROSSING /G\*//  
SQUEALER, I'LL GET  
YOU FOR THIS!

TAKE  
IT EASY!  
YOU'RE UNDER  
ARREST!

THANK YOU,  
DR. FARNS-  
WORTH! I  
SHALL NEVER  
FORGET IT!

OH, HOW  
WONDERFUL OF  
YOU, KEN! I  
WANT TO THANK  
YOU---









YES, CHIEF, I HAVE  
ONE REQUEST TO MAKE  
BEFORE I'M COOKED. HOW  
ABOUT LETTING ME FINISH  
READING THIS SWELL COPY  
OF **PEP COMICS** ?



## PEP COMICS FEATURES...



THE SHIELD



THE HANGMAN



CAPT. COMMANDO  
AND THE BOY SOLDIERS



ARCHIE

ALONG WITH

1. SERGEANT BOYLE
2. DANNY IN WONDERLAND
3. BENTLEY OF SCOTLAND YARD



# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS

COME ON, KIDS! KEEP THE MEMBERSHIP ZOOMING UP!

YES, KIDS... HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO JOIN AN **ACTIVE CLUB**... A CLUB FOR **FIGHTING AMERICANS!**

## MEMBERSHIP LIST

BILLY BERG, 114 NORTH THIRD ST., LINDSBURG, KANSAS  
JOHN BOYE, 25 BROADWAY, QUINCY, MASSACHUSETTS  
NORMAN WM. BOWEN, 11 ST. MARKS PL., BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
JUNE BOWEN, 11 ST. MARKS PL., BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
JUNIOR BROADFOOT, ROUTE 1, CLOVERDALE, ALABAMA  
PHILLIP CANCELLA, 301 BELTZHOVER AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.  
BONNIE BELL CHASE, 1112 E. EIGHTH ST., PITTSBURG, KANSAS  
RITA DEMASE, 2406 MULBERRY WAY, PITTSBURG, PA.  
HENRY DEMASE, 2401 PENN. AVE., PITTSBURG, PA.  
PATRICIA DRUMMOND, 231 OAK ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.  
HERBERT ELLIOTT, 803 NORTH DAVIS ST., SULPHUR SP., TEXAS  
HAROLD ELLIS, 111 KY. ST., PRINCETON, INDIANA  
ILA ENGLER, BOX 165, EARLY, IOWA  
BARBARA EPAMINONDA, 611 PROSPECT AVE., SPRING LAKE, N.J.  
LEON FELDMAN, 3306 EASTWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.  
MARTIN Z. FRUCHTMAN, 1340 UPTON A. N., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.  
BOBBY GEER, 1224 E. EAGLE ST., PHILADELPHIA, PENN.  
JOHN GOINS, 870 NORTH 7TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PENN.  
WALTER GOLDSTEIN, 144-44 75TH AVE., FLUSHING, L.I.  
DONALD GREENBERG, 301 EAST RAILROAD, BILOXI, MISS.  
BETTY JEAN HILLEBRAND, 1508 HUDSON A., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
SHELDON JACKMAN, 1484 EASTERN PARKWAY, BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
RICHARD KELLEHER, 209 2ND ST., RANKIN, PA.  
VIRGINIA KERRIGAN, 114 PARK ST., LAWRENCE, MASS.  
JIM KNOTEK, 3684 E. 54TH ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DONALD KNOTEK, 3684 E. 54TH ST., CLEVELAND, OHIO.  
NATALIE KOVES, 1082 SO. BLVD., BRONX, N.Y.  
GERALD LABOCE, 494 KELLEY ST., MANCHESTER, N.H.  
DANIEL LEONARDI, 90 GROVE ST., HEAMPSTEAD, L.I.  
KARON LEVIE, 1235 N. TANEY ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
ERWIN MACHOL, 804 W. 180 ST., APT. 32, NEW YORK, N.Y.  
BILLY MCCLINTOCK, 2326 BERWICK BLVD., COLUMBUS, OHIO.  
MARIE MENDONSA, ROUTE 2, BOX 83B, GUSTINE, CALIF.  
HENRY MOORE, 3820 8TH ST., BROOKLYN, MARYLAND  
BERNICE MOUGHLER, 1531 MCKINNON AVE., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.  
ROSE MARIE NEVES, RT. 2, BOX 84, GUSTINE, CALIFORNIA  
ALKE C. PALMORE, ROUTE 1, GLEN ALLEN, VIRGINIA  
BETTY JANE PULVER, 88 OAK ST., RIVER ROUGE, MICH.  
DONALD RICH, 2121 GRAND CONCOURSE, BRONX, N.Y.  
TIMOTHY ROBINSON, 1822 BATHGATE AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.  
STEVE ROZA, 108 PRESIDENT ST., PASSAIC, N.J.  
CHARLES SANTARDIA, 2247 1ST STREET, NEW YORK  
CYRIL SCHMITT, 124 CLIMAX ST., PITTSBURGH, PA.  
DAVID SNYDER, 3804 EIGHTH A., BKLYN., BALTIMORE, MD.  
SHIRLEY MAE STILL, 58 LUMLEY AVE., FT. THOMAS, KY.  
EUGENE SZUREK, 6141 RANSPATCH, DETROIT, MICH.  
VINCENT TOMEI, 1435 S. 9TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
JULIUS TROUT, 249 E. ROCKLAND ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
JOHN VERNAGLIA, 324 MONROE ST., HOBOKEN, N.J.  
ADELARD VERRANEAU, 56 R. TURCOTTE, PLAINFIELD, CONN. BOX 257

**H**ERE'S HOW YOU JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR FLYING CORPS** ROOM 315, 60 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK CITY.... THEN WATCH **HANGMAN COMICS** FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST!

**FLASH NEWS!** NEXT ISSUE, THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS WILL PRESENT THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF BUILDING PLANS FOR MODEL AIRPLANES. THERE WILL ALSO APPEAR, FROM TIME TO TIME, SHORT NEWS ITEMS AND STORIES ABOUT FLYING AND FLIERS! IF YOU KNOW ANY INTERESTING AIRPLANE NEWS OR JOKES, WRITE THEM UP, NOT MORE THAN FIFTY WORDS IN LENGTH, SEND THEM IN! THE BEST WILL BE PRINTED ON THIS PAGE! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF HANGMAN COMICS AND THESE SWELL NEW FEATURES!



# The BOY BUDDIES



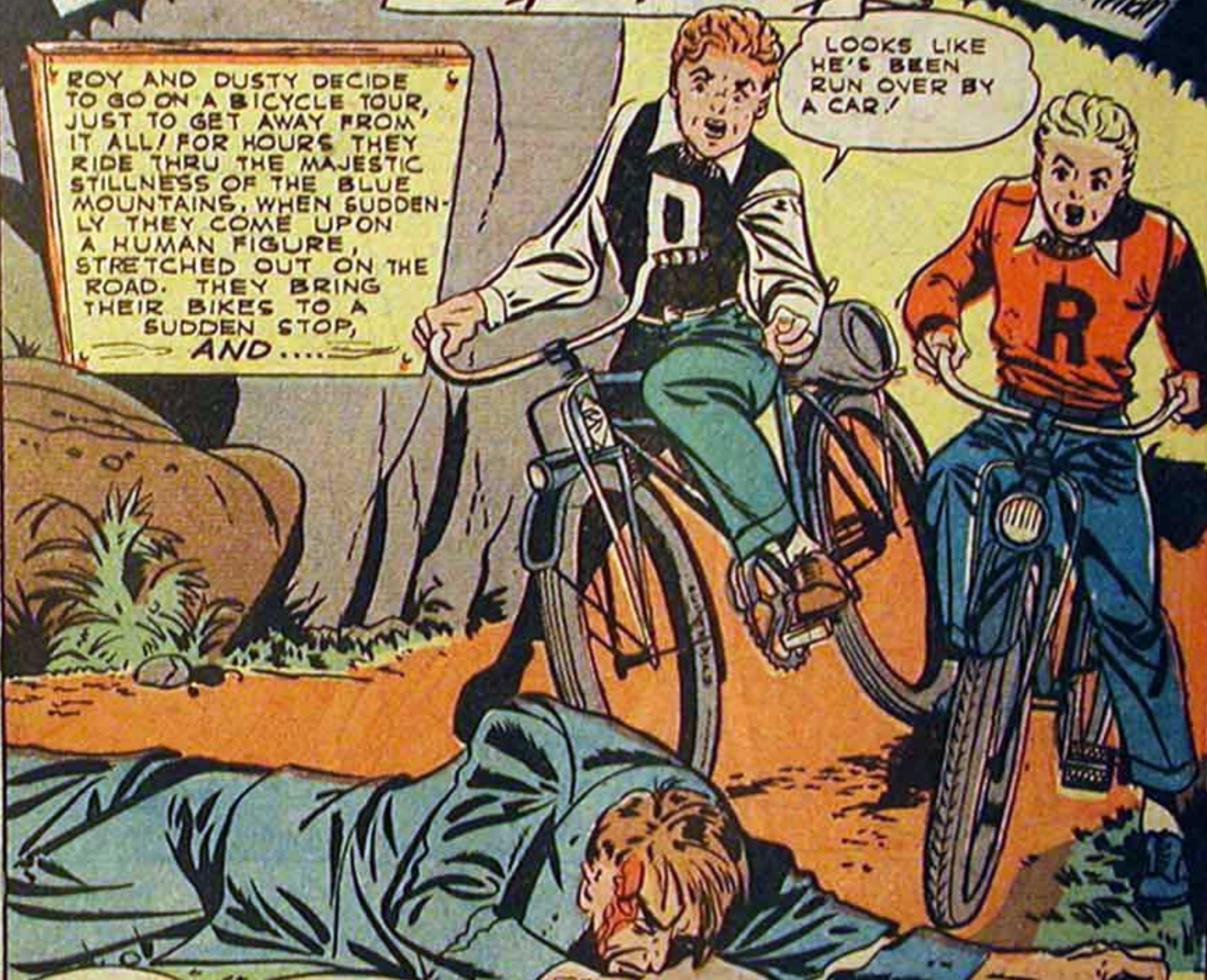
SPECIAL CASE NO. II

## Roy and Dusty

by Paul Reinman

ROY AND DUSTY DECIDE TO GO ON A BICYCLE TOUR, JUST TO GET AWAY FROM IT ALL! FOR HOURS THEY RIDE THRU THE MAJESTIC STILLNESS OF THE BLUE MOUNTAINS, WHEN SUDDENLY THEY COME UPON A HUMAN FIGURE, STRETCHED OUT ON THE ROAD. THEY BRING THEIR BIKES TO A SUDDEN STOP, AND ....

LOOKS LIKE HE'S BEEN RUN OVER BY A CAR!



WE'RE TOO LATE, ROY. HE'S DEAD! HIS BODY IS ALL BRUISED AND BATTERED!

LOOK, DUSTY! THERE'S SOMETHING IN HIS HAND!

THAT'S STRANGE! A MATCH BOOK WITH TWO CROSSED MATCHES! I WONDER WHAT IT MEANS.





DUSTY PUTS  
THE MATCH BOX  
IN HIS POCKET...

WHAT ARE  
WE GOING TO  
DO WITH HIM?  
WE CAN'T  
LEAVE HIM  
HERE!

ROY AND DUSTY CUT  
TWO STRONG BRANCHES  
FROM A TREE TO  
MAKE A STRETCHER.

NOW CONNECT  
THE BLANKETS  
WITH THE STICKS  
AND TIE IT  
TO THE FRAME  
OF THE BIKE?

LET'S  
HOPE  
IT'S  
STRONG  
ENOUGH!

NOW KEEP  
YOUR FEET  
ON YOUR  
BIKE....  
THAT'S IT!

IT'S A GOOD  
THING WE  
HAD THOSE  
BLANKETS  
WITH US!

SEE THAT  
SIGN OVER  
THERE! TWO  
MORE MILES  
TO THE NEXT  
TOWN!

THAT'S THE  
PLACE...  
ROY!

WHAT ON EARTH  
IS THAT? WHAT  
HAPPENED TO  
HIM? IS HE  
DEAD?

WE FOUND HIM ON THE  
ROAD IN THE MOUNTAINS!  
HE WAS ALREADY DEAD.  
SO WE TOOK HIM STRAIGHT  
TO YOUR  
OFFICE,  
SHERIFF!

SHERIFF



HOURS LATER...

WELL, BOYS, THE DOCTORS SAID THAT HE DIED BY FALLING OFF THE CLIFF AND HE WAS THEN RUN OVER BY A CAR! YOU DID YOUR BEST! YOU KIN LEAVE NOW!

S'LONG, BOYS!

I CAN'T FORGET THE DEAD MAN'S FACE! THE SHERIFF SAID THERE WERE NO IDENTIFICATION MARKS ON HIM!

I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

FORGET IT AND STOP PLAYING DETECTIVE, WILL YA!

A FEW HOURS LATER.

I'M GETTING TIRED, LET'S STOP AT THAT INN OVER THERE!

HEY, DUSTY, LOOK AT THOSE TWO **CROSSED TREES** IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE!

WHY, THESE **TREES** AND THE **INN** BEHIND IT ARE JUST LIKE THE **MATCH-COVER** WE FOUND IN THE DEAD MAN'S HAND!

YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S GO IN AND FIND OUT! I HAVE A HUNCH THESE PEOPLE KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THAT ACCIDENT!

I'M SORRY, BOYS, BUT WE HAFE **NO EMPTY ROOMS!** THEY'RE **ALL TAKEN!**

**welcome**  
BREWERS CONVENTION

CAN'T YOU ZEE WE HAFE A CONVENTION ??





YOU DON'T MIND IF WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT BEFORE WE LEAVE!

I'M HUNGRY!

ALL RIGHT!

MAYBE I'M WRONG, BUT LOOK AT ALL THOSE GERMANS IN THERE! JUST LIKE A BUND MEETING!

YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT! LET'S STICK AROUND AS LONG AS POSSIBLE!



BUT MAYBE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE... MANY BREWERS ARE OF GERMAN STOCK!

I HAVE AN IDEA!

I'M PUTTING THE CATSUP BOTTLE IN MY POCKET! WE'RE GOING TO FAKE AN ACCIDENT, GET IT?

THAT'S A CLEVER IDEA, DUSTY. LET'S SEE IF IT WORKS!



BOY, OH, BOY, IF THEY GET WISE, WE'RE SUNK!

I'M SORRY, MISTER, MY FRIEND FELL OFF HIS BIKE AND GOT HIMSELF A NASTY CUT! WE CAN'T LEAVE NOW YOU'VE GOT TO PUT US UP OVER NIGHT!

WHAT?... ALL RIGHT, COME IN!



IF I REFUSE, THEY MIGHT GET SUSPICIOUS... THEY MIGHT TALK! IF I LET THEM IN, I TAKE AN AWFUL CHANCE.....

WELL?

ALL RIGHT, FOLLOW ME! I HAVF A VERY SMALL ROOM FOR YOU! IT'S NOT A REGULAR GUEST ROOM, BUT IT'LL DO, I HOPE!

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BOYS!

THANK YOU VERY MUCH, SIR! WE WON'T FORGET IT!

I HOPE YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT IN THE MORNING!

BY AN UNLUCKY COINCIDENCE THE CLERK PATS ROY ON THE SHOULDER AS HE BRUSHES BY AND DISCOVERS THE...

KEEHOOP

HEINRICH, WE HAVF TWO KIDS IN OUR HOUSE WHO FAKED AN ACCIDENT SO I WOULD GIFF THEM A ROOM! I'M AFRAID THEY KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT THIS PLACE!.. ANYWAY I LOCKED THEM INTO THE CORNER ROOM!

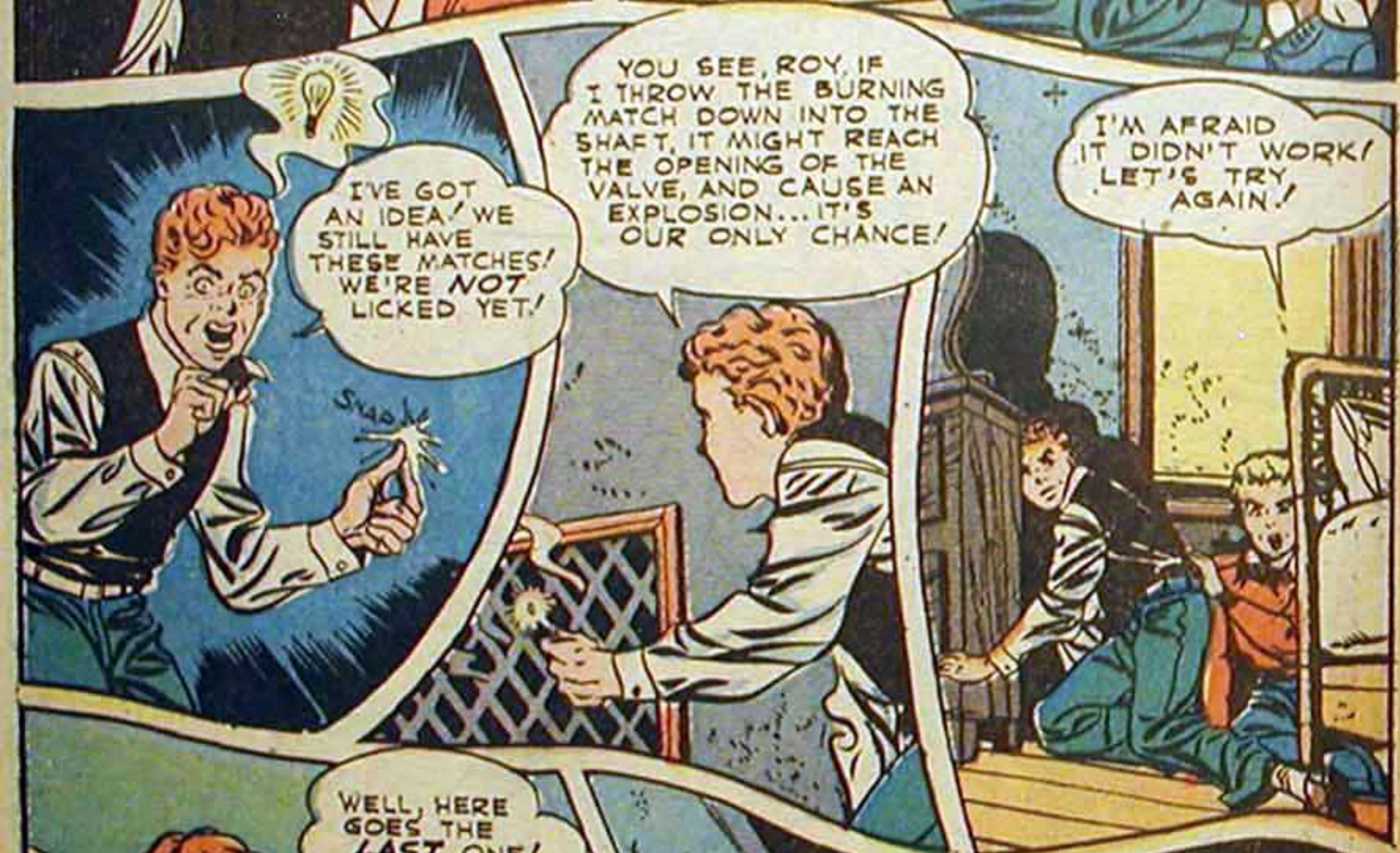
welcome  
CONVENT

THE DOOR..... WHY, IT'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE! LOOKS LIKE WE FELL INTO A TRAP!

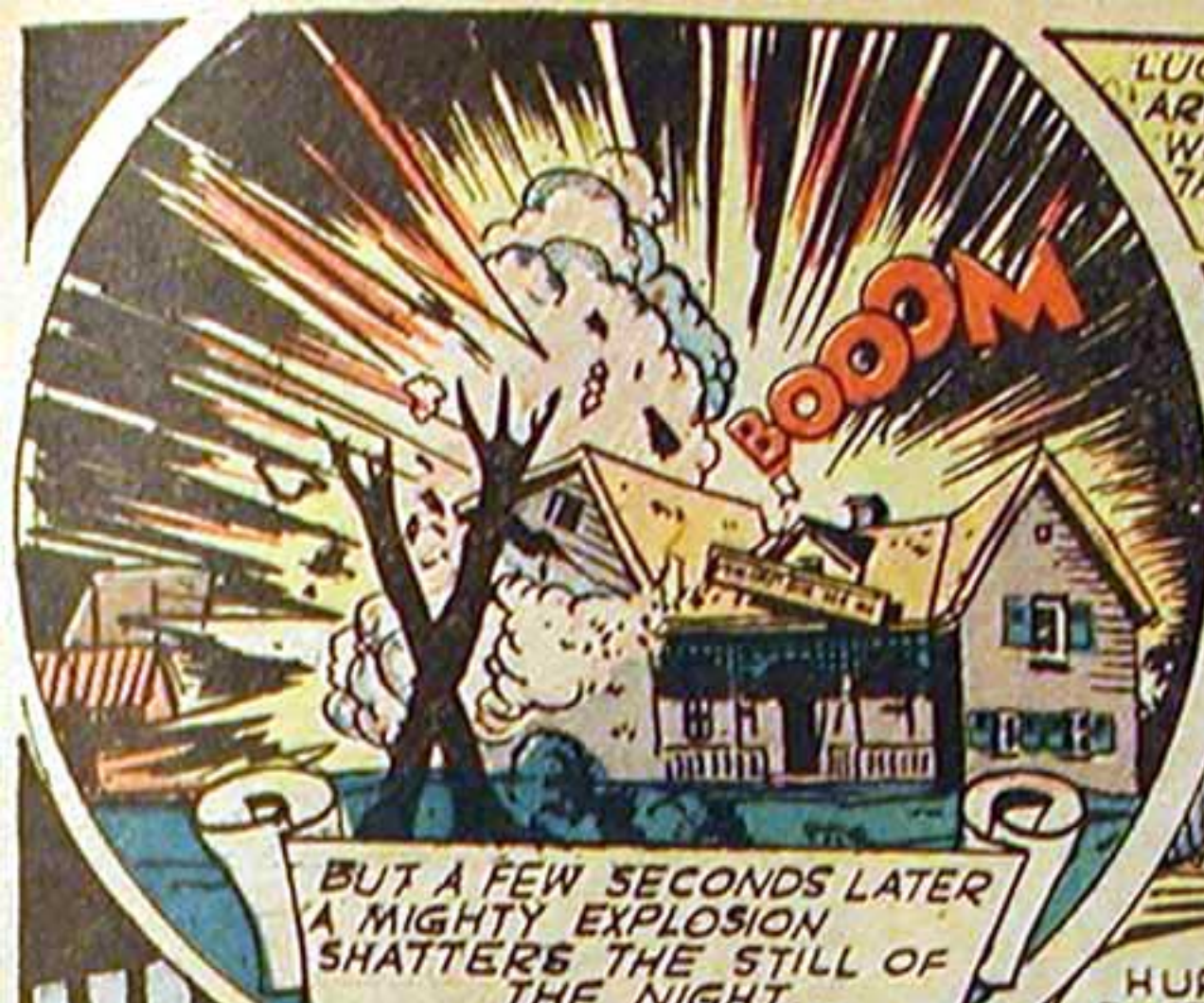
WHAT'S A MATTER, ROY?

HOLY SMOKE! LOOK AT THAT! STEEL SHUTTERS AT THE WINDOWS!!









BUT A FEW SECONDS LATER  
A MIGHTY EXPLOSION  
SHATTERS THE STILL OF  
THE NIGHT....

LUCKILY, THE BOY BUDDIES  
ARE THROWN CLEAR OFF THE  
WRECKAGE AND LAND MINUS  
THEIR OUTER CLOTHING ON  
THE LAWN...

GOOD THING  
WE WORE OUR SUPER  
OUTFITS UNDERNEATH!  
...ARE YOU  
HURT  
DUSTY?

I'M ALL  
RIGHT, I  
GUESS!

FRIGHTENED  
THE NAZIS  
'POUR  
OUT  
THROUGH  
THE DOOR..

AFTER THEM  
MEN, DON'T  
LET 'EM GET  
AWAY!

HURRY UP!  
DUSTY, HERE  
COMES THE  
ARTILLERY!

LET'S HIDE  
IN HERE!



HERE COMES  
THE FIRST ONE!

LET ME  
GIVE HIM MY  
SPECIAL  
ATTENTION!

HERE,  
GOES NO. 1 ON  
THE  
HIT PARADE!





JUST DROP IN,  
RIGHT NEXT TO  
YOUR  
FRIEND!

HE'S ALL YOURS,  
ROY, AND IN  
UNIFORM TOO!  
HOW CHARMING!  
TSK, TSK!

WHAM!

I'VE GOT  
THE ANSWER  
TO OUR  
PRAYERS!

I GUESS THIS  
WAS OUR **LAST**  
VISITOR!

LOOK AT THAT,  
DUSTY! A SHORT  
WAVE BROAD-  
CASTING SET!  
IT SEEMS WE  
STUMBLED  
RIGHT INTO  
THEIR HEAD-  
QUARTERS

WHAT ARE WE GOING  
TO DO WITH THAT BUNCH?  
WE CAN'T CARRY THEM  
ALL TO THE  
AUTHORITIES,  
OR CAN WE?

JUST A  
MOMENT,  
ROY!

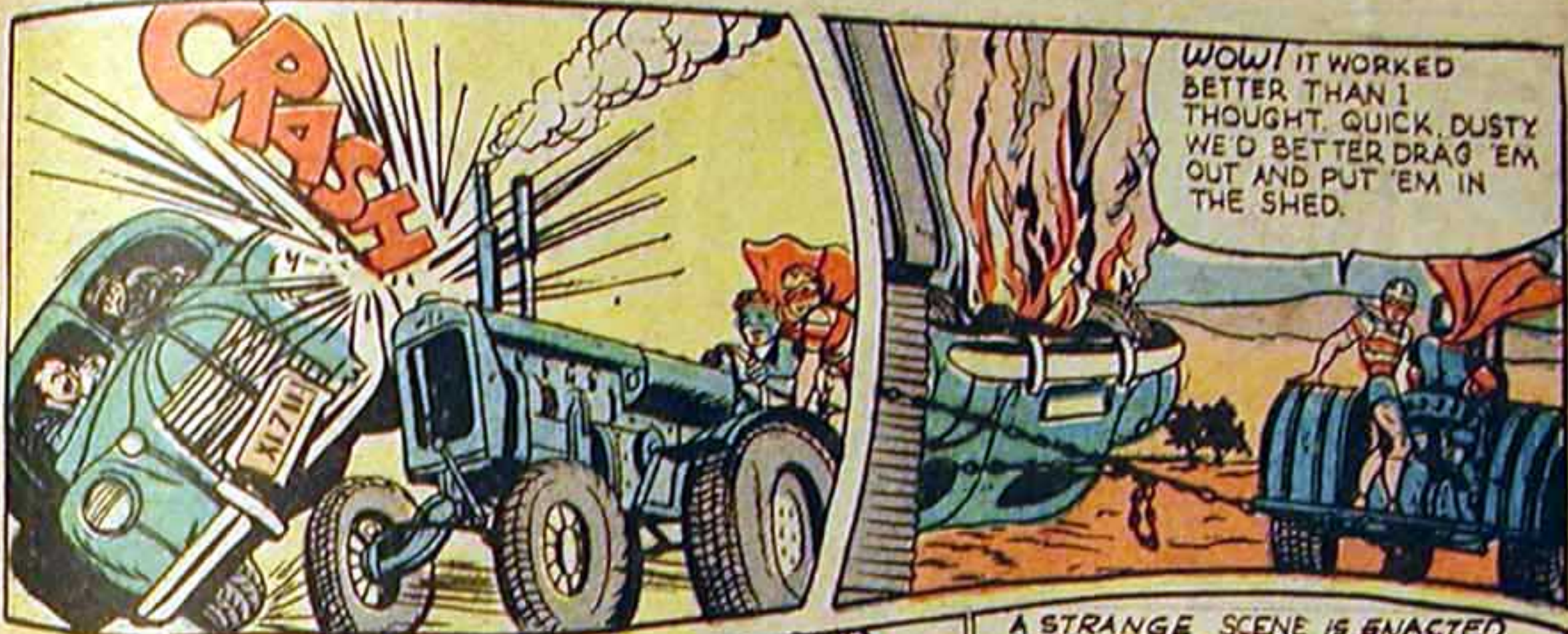
JUST TIE  
THE CHAIN  
AROUND THE  
SHED AND I'LL  
ATTACH IT TO  
THE TRACTOR!

THAT'S  
A SWELL  
IDEA! THIS  
SHED IS MADE  
OF CORRUGATED  
METAL I DON'T  
THINK IT'LL  
FALL  
APART!

SEE HOW  
EASY IT IS!  
I ONLY WONDER  
WHERE THE OTHERS  
ARE! THERE  
**MUST** HAVE  
BEEN MORE  
!!

OH, LOOK  
AT THAT!  
TRYIN' TO GET  
AWAY! GIVE 'EM  
THE OLD HEAVE-HO  
BUT  
MECHANICALLY  
!!





WOW! IT WORKED BETTER THAN I THOUGHT. QUICK, DUSTY WE'D BETTER DRAG 'EM OUT AND PUT 'EM IN THE SHED.



A STRANGE SCENE IS ENACTED AS THE BOY BUDDIES DRIVE THE TRACTOR WITH THE SHED DRAGGING BEHIND, TOWARD THE NEXT TOWN, WHERE....



WELL, MEN, WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM WASHINGTON, THE DEAD MAN'S BEEN IDENTIFIED AS AN F.B.I. MAN/ HE WAS AFTER SOME NAZIS AROUND THIS NEIGHBORHOOD/ SO YOU'D...



... BETTER BE PREPARED! THEY'RE PROBABLY ARMED..

DON'T BOTHER ME NOW, BOY!

PARDON, ME, SHERIFF, I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT!



SHERIFF WE GOT THE FELLOWS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED, RIGHT IN THERE! AND ALL THE EVIDENCE YOU WANT!



JUMPIN' JEEPERS! YOU BOYS DID THAT, ALL BY YOURSELVES! MY CONGRATULATIONS! I COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER MYSELF! WASHINGTON WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!

IT WAS NOTHING, SHERIFF! WE DROPPED IN ON THEM AND THEN THEY DROPPED IN ON US!

The End

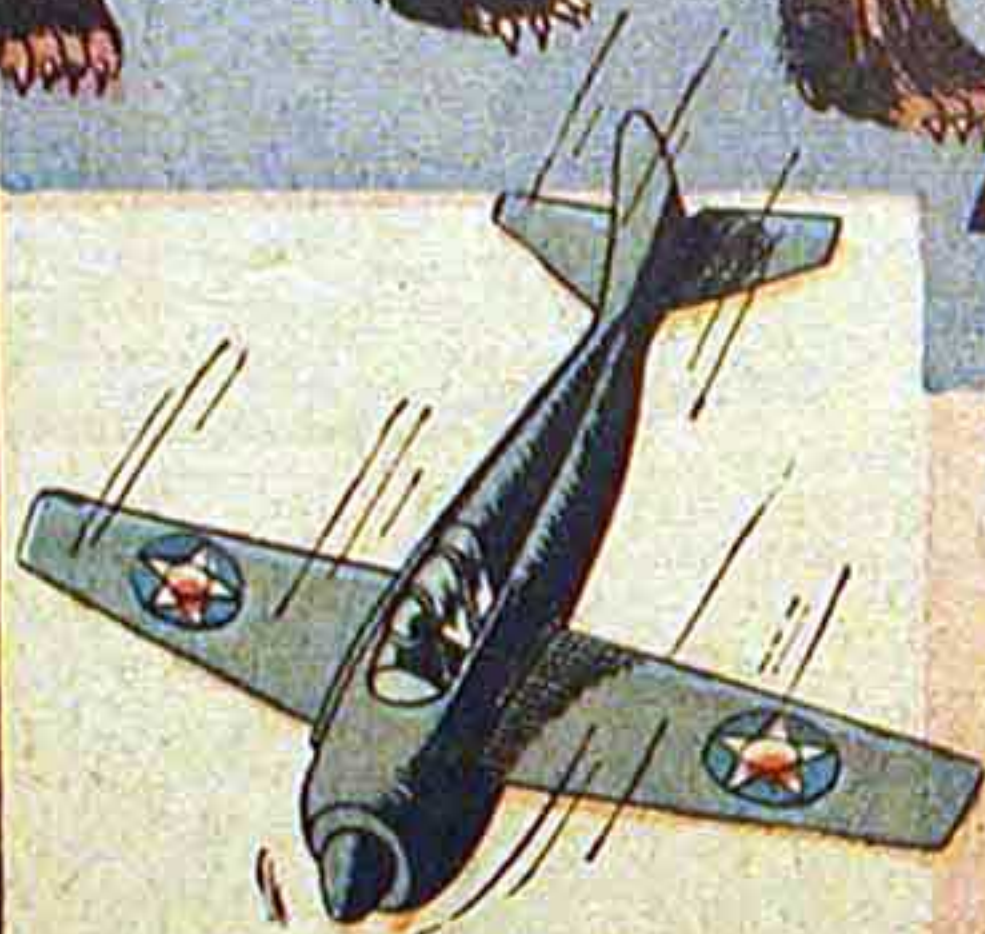


# WORLD WONDERS



## LARGEST BEAR

THE WORLD'S  
LARGEST BEAR  
IS THE HUGE  
1600 POUND  
ALASKA  
BROWN  
BEAR!



**B**OMB DROPPED FROM A DIVE  
BOMBER FALLS ONLY HALF AS  
FAST AS ONE DROPPED FROM A  
HIGH, LEVEL  
FLYING BOMBER!

Utah

Colorado

UTAH RIVER

CORTIZO

CARRIZO

SHIP ROCK

CANYON  
DE CHALLY  
NATIONAL  
MONUMENT

Arizona

New Mexico



THE ONLY PLACE  
IN THE WORLD  
WHERE 4  
STATES COME  
TOGETHER IS  
AT THE FOUR  
CORNERS OF  
UTAH, COLORADO,  
ARIZONA AND  
NEW MEXICO!



THE **CALTROP**  
GROWS IN WATER SO  
THICKLY AND  
RAPIDLY THAT IT  
HAS BEEN KNOWN  
TO STOP BOATS  
FROM MOVING....  
IN ANCIENT TIMES  
ITS THORNY FLOWER  
WAS THROWN INTO  
THE PATHS OF  
THE INVADING  
ARMIES MOUNTED  
ON ELEPHANTS.



# Be a RADIO Technician



**J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute**  
Established 27 years  
He has directed the training of more men for the Radio Industry than anyone else.

**I Train Beginners at Home for Good Spare Time and Full Time Radio Jobs**  
**More Now Make \$30 \$40 \$50 a Week Than Ever Before**

Here's your opportunity to get a good job in a busy wartime industry with a big peacetime future! There is a shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. If you're in a rut, worried because your present job will not last—find out about RADIO!

Mail the Coupon. I will send you FREE my 64-page, illustrated book, **RICH REWARDS IN RADIO**. It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs. Tells how N. R. I. trains you at home in spare time. How you learn by building and testing your own Radio Circuits with **SIX BIG KITS OF RADIO PARTS** I send!

**Many Beginners Quickly Learn to Make \$5, \$10 A Week Extra in Spare Time**

Many N. R. I. Students make extra money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. I send **EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS** that tell how to do it!

Right now, probably in your neighborhood, there's room for more spare and full time Radio Technicians. The Radio repair business is booming, because no new Radios are being made. Many spare time Technicians are starting their own **FULL** time business... making \$30, \$40, \$50 a week!

Other Radio trained men take good-pay jobs with Radio Broadcasting Stations. Many more are needed for Government jobs as Civilian Operators, Technicians. Radio manufacturers employ trained Technicians to help fill Government wartime orders. Aviation, Commercial, Police Radio and Loudspeaker Systems are live, growing fields. And think of the **NEW** jobs Television, Frequency Modulation, and other Radio developments will open after the war! I give you the Radio knowledge required for jobs in these fields.

**How My "50-50 Method" Paves The Way To Bigger Pay**

My 50-50 Method—half building and testing Radio Circuits, half learning from interesting, illustrated lessons—is a tested, proved method. Before you know it you are "old friends" with the miracle of Radio. You run your own Spare Time Shop, fix the Radios of your friends and neighbors—get paid while learning!

**A Great School Helps You Toward The Rich Rewards of Radio**

I've seen my method help thousands jump their pay. It is a time tested, practical way to prepare for a full time Radio job paying up to \$50 a week! Instead of struggling along by yourself, you "team up" with an organization that knows how to help beginners get started.

**Extra Pay in Army, Navy, Too**

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**N. R. I. Student Now Lieutenant in U. S. Army Signal Corps**

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